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LITERATURE.

Baldwin: a Book of Dialogues. By Vernon Lee. (Fisher Unwin.)

Baldwin, like most good books, is worth careful study from more than one side. It has a message for all people, to which only indolence or indifference can be deaf. Although it is a book of dialogues, and, therefore, not lacking in dramatic interest, its first recommendation lies in its very earnest presentment of some of the great problems of life and art which press pertinaciously for a solution upon our own generation. The subjects proposed are discussed courageously and conscientiously, and often with a compression and force which fills parts of the book with pregnant suggestion.

The "Introduction"—oddly so-called—bids itself be read not first, but last. Perhaps the caution should be repeated here, so as to prevent readers from becoming involved too deeply at first to give it up after the second paragraph and read it in its proper place, which is certainly the end of the book. *Baldwin* himself (like the rest of us) both is and is not. *πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*—"the something to which we give the names of our friends is a creature somehow mysteriously born of ourselves and of them," says the author of the book which bears his name. So *Baldwin* must clearly be taken as the type and spokesman of certain tendencies of our own shifty, undisciplined, self-conscious, utilitarian, earnest age. He is placed by the accident of education at something of a woman's standpoint (one is tempted to think, *salva reverentia*, that this is, perhaps, why he is sometimes really too diffuse); and he is still further qualified to run his eye down the whole hierarchy of ideas from the fact that, though he is a very English Briton, family circumstances have subjected him sufficiently long to French influences to make him, not French, but cosmopolitan. This, one knows, sometimes happens. Although a Frenchman born certainly cannot rid his soul of the national bias when he changes the sky that covers him, a foreigner transplanted early enough to French soil seems often to be stripped of the accidents of country, and to become a citizen of the world. Vernon Lee gives us an account of the moral and speculative history of her Choregus. Brought up in Rome when it was more like a museum and antiquity shop than it is now, music-mad in his teens, then steeped in Lessing and Goethe, no wonder he conceived a vague enthusiasm for the Greeks, the beautiful, the antique, and a very proper hatred for the morbid, *i.e.*, the not-beautiful. He is then discovered "struggling hopelessly with certain ideas that were surrounded by a kind of blackness:

Death, Sin, Pain, Justice." The dialogues show how he dealt with these night-mares, though the general result of all his struggling and troubling is sad enough, seeing that he is left

"A creature troubled with the desire to create, yet able only to criticise; consumed (which is worse) with the desire to affirm, yet condemned to deny; a life spent in being repelled by the exaggerations of one's friends, and attracted by the seeming moderation of one's enemies, in taking exception in the midst of assent; scepticism in a nature that desires to believe and rely, intellectual isolation for a man who loves to be borne along by the current—an unsatisfactory state of affairs, yet to me the only one conceivable."

Why is this? Says the Epilogue (called "Introduction"):

"And yet, *Baldwin* and I are distinct; he does not understand me quite; he stands outside me; he is not I. No, dear friend *Baldwin*, better far than I and wiser, but perhaps a little less human, you are not myself; you are my mentor, my teacher, my power of being taught; and you live, dear abstract friend, on the border-land between fact and fancy."

Baldwin is presented to us as "a scientific thinker, a moralist, and an aesthete [terrible word!]; and each of the three component parts is always starting up when you expect one of the others." So says Mrs. Blake, a writer of novels and, therefore, a person of observation. And truly, at all seasons, *Baldwin* is showing us how questions of aesthetics run into ethics. He is often thoroughly stimulating; but often, too, he unnecessarily irritates us (and, I am sure, must have woefully vexed his friends) by his too frequent "I have passed through it myself." This Pharisaism, this assurance of salvation found, is a weak point in these admirable dialogues. The author is an accomplished literary artist; but one may venture to doubt the expediency of such a method when one remembers how a still greater literary artist (he of the *Republic* and *Phaëdo* and the rest) dispensed with it. It is in *Baldwin*'s nature to be too dogmatic; as, for instance, when he holds the scales between the old "idealistic" painter and the young "realistic" writer about the value of "idealism" and "realism" in art. "The Value of the Ideal" is the title of what is, with all its many characteristic beauties, the least valuable dialogue in the book. To begin with, those who are not painters will probably resent the use of the sacred terms realism and idealism to distinguish between realistic and symbolic art. It is contended, on the one hand, that "realistic" art is wasteful, giving us what we do not want, what we see, what we can more easily get elsewhere; on the other hand, that symbolic art is wasteful in suggesting with the brush what "any writer could do as well with the pen." Great space is lost in this discussion by the confusion of two very different questions—the contrast of the realistic and the symbolic in art, and the question as to the attempted trespasses of arts literary on to the domain of arts graphic. Out of the latter dispute it is difficult to see one's way. The "common measures" of the arts are hard to arrive at, and reasoning by analogy is proverbially unsafe. However, different materials, different methods and instruments; you cannot paint a picture with

a chisel nor hew a bust with a brush. The quarrel between symbolic and realistic art is another thing. Does it not seem that *all* the fine arts are symbolic? Such art being a representation, how can you represent except by symbols? How else, for example, can you represent three dimensions on a superficies? In all the fine arts, surely, literary as well as graphic, the way in which the symbols are grouped to make *σύνολόν τι* is "ideal" in that it is a generalisation; and, moreover, it must bear the impress of the artist character. Only—all that has been contributed to the result by "character" is not to be discerned by the wisest and subtlest of mortal men.

We can well understand Olivia when she says "I don't know what it is about you, *Baldwin*, but somehow you always make me feel inclined to contradict you; and yet I agree with you." If Olivia could have read these deeply interesting dialogues, she would see that her friend sometimes splits straws in order to show that it is, after all, only straw-splitting.

"But then," she went on with some hesitation, "if you are like that, why always show yourself cut and dried; a hard lump of opinions?" *Baldwin* laughed. "Because it's more sensible and useful. All these doubts, all that one feels on personal subjects, concerns only oneself, at most such others as may be in the same state. You poets can appeal to such others, give them your sympathy by showing them your feeling; it is one of your great uses in the world; one of the uses also of the great novelist. A mere logic chopper can't. But such things don't prevent one's having opinions. On the contrary, one's opinions come out of it, since all that constitutes one's life, one's experience; out of each vague and shimmering feeling comes an opinion, and I showed you myself."

"The Responsibilities of Unbelief" is a dialogue between three rationalists, closely reasoned and inspiring. *Baldwin* here maintains that individuals are not entitled to seek peace merely where they can find it, but always with reference to the rest of mankind. Man, again, has not simply to seek and find scientific truth, but to demolish a host of bad habits—"spiritual sloth, spiritual sybaritism, spiritual irresponsibility." He sees in the Protestantism of the Reformers the spirit of freedom in the clothing suited to its then age. He earnestly urges on the heirs of an intellectual past to use their heritage for more than selfish gratification, just as those who succeed to a material patrimony therewith take up new duties. This for progress, which is "in direct proportion to the utilisation of the various sorts of capital—physical, intellectual, and moral: land, money, muscles, brains, hearts—which we possess." To the friend who pleads that in vehemently clearing away comfortable half-beliefs he is wasting a certain proportion of the world's happiness, destroying hitherto unperturbed subjective universes, he replies that he will not consent to the degradation of human nature, for "increasing truth is the law of increasing good." Besides, truth is not the property of this or that man, that the happiness of individuals should be considered; it is the world's. Man's successive disappointments with God or Nature have arisen from his anthropomorphism. As for morality,

Baldwin regards it as indispensable rules of the road, which he holds himself called upon to preach for the good of the world. For there is "for the souls which we know, for the souls which look up to us for instruction and assistance, a hell—a hell of moral doubt and despair and degradation, a hell where there is fire enough to scorch the most callous, and ice enough to numb the warmest, and mud to clog and bedraggle the most noble among us." In this dialogue we have a very refreshing cynic, the lightliest and best portrayed character in the book, a "man of science" of the type which "enjoys controversy as a sort of aesthetic pleasure," the contemner of enthusiasms, "at bottom the most sympathising of men," and one who "loved metaphysics as he did a French comedy."

The general bearing of the second dialogue on "The Consolation of Belief" is described by Baldwin himself:

"You said that the whole world proclaimed the lovingness of God, and I pointed out to you that if the constitution of the universe was the proof of God's nature, it was quite as easy to prove that He is entirely cruel and unjust as that he is all loving and righteous. You then said that He would set everything right in a future life; and when I asked for your reasons for a belief in a future life, you returned to your original statement that God was all good, and insisted that since He was all good, we must absolutely believe in a future state where He would compensate for the evil of this world. Then I told you that in my opinion omnipotence could not have the benefit of compensation, and that, moreover, the very fact of there being evil to compensate in the world militated against the notion of the Creator of this evil caring to compensate it."

Baldwin's opponent (a lady) accuses him of wilful unhappiness; but he turns her weapons against herself with the assertion that though her "conviction" is certainly an element of happiness, it is unfounded and mischievous, which, however, in this particular case, he does not satisfactorily prove. She avers that she is not to be classed with the fanatics of old, because she wishes to know, not to be, God; to which Baldwin (with not much weight) replies that this is merely the expression of her desire, as their wish was of theirs. All that Baldwin thinks we may put into our definition of God is "the original cause of all phenomena"; and moral attributes are as much (to Baldwin) the results of evolution as are physical attributes, for physical, mental, and moral are (to him) inseparable. The outside agency which moulds our moral natures is not God, but mankind, opinion. The moral instincts are social instincts, and therefore cannot be predicated of God. And at last, "'Do you still think I am deserving of compassion, Miss Stuart?' repeated Baldwin. 'I think you are deserving of envy,' answered Agatha. 'But I prefer to believe in the goodness of God.'" Yet there is nothing in the second part of the dialogue which justifies the change of Agatha's sentiments.

The discussion entitled "Honour and Evolution" is very powerful and very one-sided, being an examination of the claims of vivisection by two ardent anti-vivisectionists. The point of difference between the interlocutors lies in the fact that the younger, disgusted with all science because of the heartless claims

of vivisection, is tackled by Baldwin, equally enthusiastic, but enthusiastically convinced, also, that in the name of evolution, in the name of the largest of scientific generalisations, vivisection is an offence against morality, and in no sense a scientific necessity. The old honour is the new evolutionary morality writ small; and honour bids us not cheat, take away anything without compensation, which, in the nature of things, cannot be given to the animals that die under the torture of the vivisector's knife, nor to their race. As it is, Baldwin thinks that the dispute, having ended in a compromise, has resulted in a moral loss, for no compromise was admissible. It is impossible, however, to escape the feeling that Baldwin should, in all consistency, eat no meat, wear boots of vegetable leather, if not preach a crusade against Dr. "Gesundheits" Jaeger.

A cordial word of this review should be devoted to the dialogue "On Novels," the most successful in the book, full of suggestion and fine critical observation. One must, however, admit by the way that one cannot always acquiesce in the author's preferences and judgments. It is hard, for instance, to find Emma Bovary in the same gallery with Goneril and Regan, and to comprehend the "useful" element in what seems to most people a very vulgar story of vulgar French criminality. But it is due to Vernon Lee to express dissent from her judgments with all doubt. Baldwin holds that the more "psychological" a novel is, the less artistic it becomes; for to that extent it fails of "the beautiful." And as for this latter it can only

"exist in literature inasmuch as literature reproduces and reconstructs certain sensuous impressions which we name beautiful; or, as it deals with such moral effects as give us an unmixed, direct unutilitarian pleasure analogous to that produced by these sensuous impressions of beauty."

It strikes one, however, that Baldwin of all people has no right to insert the "unutilitarian," and he is not quite justified in his use of analogy. What place, then, has the morally repulsive in art? What, in the graphic arts, is analogous to the portrayal of vice in the literary arts? How the novel has helped to the development of morality, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*; from what freaks of nature the world marches in general progress; the close connexion between the novel and the society in which it is produced: these and similar important points (too many to record here) are discussed with equal force and originality.

Indeed, one cannot read a page of Baldwin without feeling the wiser for it. Even where there is plain reason to dispute the author's conclusions, it is often because the arms are put into our hands by her own frankness and clearness. If the book is not without its large measure of sadness, its grave and hopeful honesty supplies the antidote.

P. A. BARNETT.

My Life as an Author. By Martin Farquhar Tupper. (Sampson Low.)

Readers of the more discriminating—or ought I to say the more sophisticated?—type have had many a good-natured laugh at

Mr. Tupper, and they will have many another before they reach the last page of this volume; but I think that few will lay it down without a warmer feeling for its author than they have ever entertained for the platitudinarian and proverbial philosopher. The book has for its frontispiece a photographic portrait of the writer which is characterised by that look of lifelikeness that is seldom deceptive, and the face presented to us has a native and pervading geniality and kindness of expression which are irresistibly attractive. Some of us may decline to accept Mr. Tupper's evident estimate of the poetical and intellectual value of his work; but the general verdict upon the man will be that he is a good fellow. He hints as much himself, for he says with a charming *naïveté*—"If I am not true, simple, and sincere, I am worse than I hope I am." And though he also says very truly that it is only in human nature to be willing to exhibit itself at the best, still human nature, when it is garrulous, is apt unconsciously to give us a peep at the worst also; so, as Mr. Tupper's worst, so far as it can be discerned in these pages, is a very harmless egotism—not in the least aggressive—his self-characterisation is probably not far wrong. He might well have added good nature to his short list of virtues; for, at a time when volumes of personal recollections are wont to be distinguished for spite, spleen, and scandal, it is something to have written more than four hundred pages of reminiscence, in which there is not a sentence that can be objected to on the score of unkindness. Mr. Tupper certainly writes with severity of one or two of his schoolmasters, and with marked disfavour of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Alexander Smith. But the schoolmasters were clearly unfitted for their post. Hawthorne—I admit with great regret—seems to have returned very ungraciously the warm hospitality he received; and Alexander Smith evidently showed his worst side to Mr. Tupper, though Mr. Tupper on his part certainly does Smith an injustice in assuming that the charges of plagiarism brought against *A Life Drama* were really established. As a matter of fact, they were most conclusively disproved, as anyone may learn who will read the appendix contributed to Smith's posthumous volume, *Last Leaves*, by Mr. P. P. Alexander. Still, it has to be admitted that the poet's conduct during his visit to Albury, as described by Mr. Tupper, must have been anything but winning.

With these exceptions, however, the proverbial philosopher has something genial to say or pleasant to tell concerning almost every man or woman mentioned in this autobiography. He is evidently not a person who forgets the kindnesses he has received, or the attention that has been paid to him. If one unworthily chose to do so, one might attribute to simple vanity his recital of the story of his familiar reception at Buckingham Palace when Prince Albert bade "Wales, come and shake hands with Mr. Tupper;" but one can only set down to simple kindly feeling various other stories in which the writer is obliged, or honoured, by much less distinguished folk—notably, the anecdote of the courier who, when Mr. Tupper was thinking of curtailing a continental tour because of the failure of an expected remittance, pressed upon him a

timely loan of £100 and stoutly refused the £5 which the borrower was wishful to pay as interest. Mr. Tupper's courier will share the fame of Thackeray's Parisian tailor; and it has been his good fortune to have his services acknowledged in a gracefully told story, not in a half-contemptuous dedication like that of *The Paris Sketch-Book*. Even of his hostile critics Mr. Tupper writes in a tone of overpowering geniality; as, indeed, he can well afford to write, seeing that they have done a good deal to help the sale of his books and so put money in his purse. *A propos* of this, he tells an anecdote concerning Mr. Edmund Yates, an old friend of whom he says, with no more than justice, that "a kindlier, cleverer, and better-hearted man does not exist."

"I remember how he dropped in upon me at Albury one morning just as I happened to be pasting into one of my archive-books a few quips and cranks ancient my books from *Punch*: he adjured me 'not to do it! for heaven's sake spare me!' covering his face with his hands. 'What's the matter, friend?' 'I wrote all these,' added he in earnest penitence, 'and I vow faithfully I'll never do it again!' 'Pray don't make so rash a promise, Edmund, and so unkind a one too: I rejoice in all this sort of thing—it sells my books; besides, I've Maw-worm—I like to be despised.' 'Well, its very good-natured of you to say so, but I really never will do it again;' and the good fellow never did, so I have lost my most telling advertisement."

I must, however, be a little less discursive if I am to give anything like an adequate account of Mr. Tupper's book, though it certainly is a volume which lends itself very readily to desultory and scrappy treatment; and perhaps the best way to convey a truthful impression of its contents would be to mount a number of characteristic extracts in the narrowest possible margin of comment. The story of the writer's schooldays, spent first at a private school at Brook Green and afterwards at the Charterhouse, where he was a contemporary of Thackeray, John Leech, Sir Arthur Helps, and others destined to win future fame, is both interesting and well told, though the part which relates to the Charterhouse is anything but pleasant reading. The combined ignorance and brutality of the masters seem to have been almost beyond belief. With regard to the former, Mr. Tupper tells us that whenever the interpretation of the most ordinary passage in Homer or Virgil or Horace became matter of dispute between a monitor and his class, it became necessary to summon a "concio" of the entire tutorial staff in order to settle the difficulty; and in reference to the latter he asks the very pertinent question, "What should we think now-a-days of an irate schoolmaster smashing a child's head between two books in his shoulder-of-mutton hands till the nose bled, as I once saw?" The moral influences of such a school were what might have been expected. The supervision in the boarding-houses vied in perfunctoriness with the education in the classrooms.

"Let me record, too," writes Mr. Tupper, "that in those evil days (for I am not one who can think this age as *pejor avis*) boys used to go on their Monday morning's return from the weekly holiday out of their way to see the

wretches hanging at Newgate; that the scenes of cruelty to animals in Smithfield were terrible; that books of the vilest character were circulated in the long-room; and that both morality and religion were ignored by the severe clergymen who reaped fortunes by neglecting five hundred boys."

To the action of the tyrannical drilling of the Rev. Dr. Russell upon an over-sensitive nature Mr. Tupper attributes a serious aggravation and prolongation of the stammer, which was to some extent a natural infirmity, and which debarred him from the highest places in school, prevented him first from entering the Church and then from practising at the bar, and gradually forced him into literature—"hence my written poetries in lieu of spoken prose." We know, on high authority, that poets "learn in sorrow what they teach in song"; perhaps some of the cruel-kind critics, who are Mr. Tupper's best advertisers, may suggest that the somewhat prosaic nature of his special sorrow may account for the peculiar quality of the work which is its outcome.

On the chapter devoted to the author's college life I must not linger, though it contains some interesting reminiscences. A few of his university contemporaries seem to have believed in his powers with the same fervid faith which was afterwards to be inspired in the breast of "the great reading public." He twice competed for the Newdigate Prize; and on both occasions a college friend, now Canon Abney, "was," Mr. Tupper tells us,

"so certain that the said prizes in these successive years were to fall to me, that he learnt my poems by heart in order to recite them as my speech-substitute in the Sheldonian Theatre at Commemoration."

With characteristic simplicity he adds the record of a rumour that he

"came second on both occasions—one of them [the poems] certainly had a 2 marked on it when returned to me, but I know not who placed it there."

In another contest he was more successful, though for some not very obvious reason he manifests quite unusual shyness in chronicling his success. He says, modestly,

"I scarcely like to mention it, as a literary incident, but being a curious and unique anecdote, it shall be stated. [I may note, in parenthesis, that for a poet of world-wide fame Mr. Tupper's prose style is a trifle slipshod. But I resume the 'statement' of the anecdote.] I had the honour at Christ Church of being prizetaker of Dr. Burton's theological essay 'The Reconciliation of Matthew and John,' when Gladstone, who had also contested it, stood second; and when Dr. Burton had me before him to give me the £25 worth of books, he requested me to allow Mr. Gladstone to have £5 worth of them, as he was so good a second. Certainly such an easy concession was one of my earliest literary triumphs."

Mr. Tupper's admiration for his friend and theological rival seems to have culminated in 1864, the year of the great Oxford election, when he published what he describes as "a somewhat famous copy of verses," ending with

"Orator, statesman, scholar, wit, and sage,
The Crichton,—more, the Gladstone of the age;"

and it has since apparently somewhat declined, for in the *Three Hundred Sonnets* the

poet published "a well-known palinode"—I am ashamed to admit that it is not at all known to me—commencing

"Beware of mere delusive eloquence,"
and "a still more caustic lyric," beginning with the withering line,

"Glozing tongue whom none can trust."

In this connexion it may be mentioned that Mr. Tupper has not concerned himself largely with public affairs; but when the imperative call of duty has come he has spoken out, and his influence upon history has been as potent as it has been, up to this time, unsuspected. Until this book was published the world did not know that Mr. Tupper was the real originator of the volunteer movement. The world had also been ignorant of the fact that the result of the division in the House of Commons on the Affirmation Bill was entirely the result of a poem written by Mr. Tupper and sent to every member. How little do we know who are the real motive powers in our national life!

But to return to literature. The author's earliest venture ought to have been more successful than it was, for he was allowed the grand opportunity of reviewing himself in one of the most influential literary organs. Mr. Tupper was, however, too severely conscientious to avail himself of the grand chance, as the following story will show:

"When my book appeared, Lewin offered to review it for me in the *Literary Gazette*, then edited by his friend Mr. Landon, L. E. L.'s brother. An unusual rush of business just then coming in to him, and the editor pressing for copy, Lewin begged me to write the article myself, to which I most reluctantly assented, resolving, however, to be quite impartial. The result was that when I handed the critique to my busy friend, he quickly said, after a hurried glance, 'Why, this won't do at all; you have cut yourself up cruelly, instead of praising, as you ought to have done. I must do it myself, I suppose. Here, copy out this opinion for me, if you can read it—it's Mr. Brodie's—and I can't.' With that he threw my MS. into the waste-paper basket, and I did his work for him, while he commended me with due vigour, and sent his clerk off with a too kind verdict to the expectant editor."

That *magnum opus*, the *Proverbial Philosophy*, the work for which generations yet unborn will bless and praise the immortal name of Tupper, had, we learn, a somewhat sentimental origin. Its author tells us that it is, and always has been, amazingly popular among the purchasers of wedding presents; and, now that the story of its birth is revealed, it ought to be more popular still.

"In the year 1828, when under Mr. Holt's roof at Albury (*anno ætatis mee 18*), I bethought myself, for the special use and behoof of my cousin Isabelle, who seven years after became my wife, that I would transcribe my notions on the holy estate of matrimony. A letter was too light, and a formal essay too heavy, and I didn't care to versify my thoughts, so I resolved to convey them in the manner of Solomon's proverbs or the 'Wisdom' of Jesus the son of Sirach; and I did so, successively, in the articles first on Marriage, then Love, then Friendship, and fourthly on Education; several other pieces growing afterwards."

The first series of philosophisings was not a very great success, for though it passed into a second edition, and eventually into a third, it failed to bring the author any money.

The second and following series had better luck, for having left Rickerby, his first publisher, he went to Hatchards, from whom, for a good many years, he received from £500 to £800 a year, having benefited them and himself "by something like £10,000 a-piece." Mr. Tupper, however, is not mercenary. He cares not to dwell upon these sordid details; but he loves to enlarge upon the fragrant incense of admiration which has been offered at his shrine. He delights to record the thrilling and gratifying facts that N. P. Willis—poor fellow—quoted from the *Philosophy* believing it to be the work of a long deceased classic; that another American admirer published it in a volume containing also the Proverbs of Solomon and the "Beauties" of Shakspeare, and illustrated with engravings of the Temple at Jerusalem, Stratford-on-Avon, and Albury House; that an anonymous "eminent person" asked Mr. Tupper's youngest daughter if she were a descendant of the "celebrated Elizabethan author"; that such universally known organs of public opinion as the *American Courier*, the *Cincinnati Atlas*, and the *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, declared the *Proverbial Philosophy* to be full of genius and sure of immortality; that on one evening he had to dispense no fewer than a hundred autographs; and that though three Yankee literary ladies who pursued him with scissors were unsuccessful in their attempt to re-enact the "rape of the lock," a wily negro hair-cutter realised a goodly sum by exhibiting in his window, and afterwards retailing, some sacred clippings from the head of genius.

Mr. Tupper's vanity is too simple and childlike to be irritating to any person of ordinary good nature and with any sense of humour, but it is intensely amusing. He tells us quite gravely, and evidently with no sense of the audacity of the attempt, that he wrote a continuation of Coleridge's *Christabel*. He believes that had circumstances been favourable he might have won fame as an inventor, and gives a list of his inventions. He tells us he feels that if he "had had common chances" he would have been an orator, for "when I kindle up my steam-horse goes off and carries all his audience with him." His phraseology is often quaint, as when, for example, he speaks of a "breeches" Bible as being valued beyond its worth "as a readable volume"; and he has a queer vocabulary containing such words as "authorial," "balladisms," and "matrimony," used to indicate, not the wedded state, but an inheritance derived from a mother, as a "patrimony" is an inheritance derived from a father. But it is impossible even to mention all the entertaining things in a book which resembles the Bible aforesaid in being eminently "readable." I recommend it heartily to all and sundry. No one will want to read it twice, but anyone may read it once with real enjoyment.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Cosmopolitan Essays. By Sir Richard Temple. With Maps. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE practice of collecting and republishing the essays and speeches of literary and public men is gaining ground; and it is a practice not to be encouraged. As a rule, these fugitive pieces, written for a purpose, cease to be

of value when that purpose is served. Because an essay is read with interest in a magazine it by no means follows that it deserves a place among permanent literature. Sir Richard Temple has a tender affection for the children of his own pen, and reproduces them in a stout volume, the title of which accurately describes its contents. He treats of all the quarters of the globe, and treats of all well. He overflows with information and writes agreeably; and his essays, taken as such, are far above the average. Still, we think he would have done better to have diminished the size of his book, and confined his republication to those subjects of which he is specially qualified to treat. Of India, and everything connected with India, Sir Richard cannot give us too much; and we particularly recommend to our readers, even if they have read them before, his chapters on the fall of Khartum, the armies of the Indian princes, and the Russo-Afghan frontier.

The effect that the desertion of Gordon and the abandonment of Khartum must surely have on our relations with India is skilfully traced by Sir Richard. According to him, there are six principal factors in our power over the Indian people:

"1. Good government, better far than anything that has ever been had, or could otherwise be got, nowadays; and this despite faults or shortcomings.

"2. A popular goodwill hence arising, and an acquiescence in a system which is the only popular one, if quiet is to be enjoyed by a much-vexed and long-suffering people.

"3. The existence, in the country itself, of English military force, and the conviction that a still greater English force exists beyond the sea.

"4. The certainty that any outrage against British people will be visited with a punishment which, though not vindictive at all, must be adequate.

"5. The cohesion of Englishmen among themselves, all acting with one mind against Oriental adversaries.

"6. The tenacity of English purpose, the anxiety of Englishmen for doing that which they have once said they would do, and for adhering to their word."

These factors all hang together; none of them would be efficacious without the others; but the keystone of the whole is the sanctity of European life.

It might seem a serious danger that while the native army of the British Indian Government consists but of 130,000 men, the native princes maintain armies to the amount collectively of 345,000; but the native sovereigns are bound in many ways to the British Government, and see that it is their interest to remain faithful to it. Sir Richard Temple asserts that, in fact, if the British power were to collapse, most of the native states would be smothered in the ruins, and that they fully believe this. If a revolution in India were to succeed, there would be a cataclysm in which the native states would be overwhelmed, and their sovereigns victimised. The native sovereigns know that they are safe as feudatories of the British empire, they dread any chance of change in the imperial status, and look to the British Government as their protector. It was this feeling which helped to keep them loyal during the Mutiny, and this loyalty helped the British to weather that storm. The

native states like the distinction of serving the empire, and have volunteered their services on more than one occasion unasked. Several contingents were employed on the Trans-Indus frontier during the last Afghan war. The other day some of them volunteered to serve in Egypt; and Sir Richard is convinced that they are sure to volunteer if any operations shall ever be undertaken on the Russo-Afghan frontier. The Princes justly consider that such service consolidates their position politically. Should complications arise in Central Asia, Egypt, or the Levant, we have, in Sir Richard's opinion, material ready to hand for general service. Were it desired to take over 35,000 or 40,000 men it would be done at once, and doubtless were as many more men wanted it would be managed. The men would serve with alacrity, and such a measure would be popular in the native states.

What is the population of China? On this subject Sir Richard Temple has a very able chapter. It is admitted that the Chinese Government returns are entirely untrustworthy, though the highest of them does not give a number greater than the country could support. Sir Richard proposes to ascertain the population of China by a comparison with the census made under the British Government in India. It is remarkable that the area of the two countries—India and China proper—is about the same. Both countries are under similar conditions—physical, ethical, climatic, and geographical—and there are many other points of similarity which will be found in the essay. The result of his calculations is to give a population of 282 millions for China proper, and 15 millions for the Central Plateau, making a grand total for the Chinese Empire of 297 millions—a result which cannot be pronounced too high.

In an essay on the Holy Land Sir Richard Temple contrasts the state of India under British rule with that of Palestine under Muhammadan administration. Even now the Turks are obliged to govern much better than they used to do, for fear of the number of independent witnesses travelling about. How blessed would be the result if Palestine could have for half a century such an administration as India has had for a whole one! Then, indeed, the country would begin to recover. Sir Richard sees under such a happy dispensation the old vineyards restored; the fig-trees re-planted; the terraces re-built on the hill-sides; the choked-up fountains cleared; the cisterns re-constructed; the watercourses re-paved; forests and green pastures re-appearing, and cattle once more on a thousand hills. "The land of Canaan, under good government, would once more flow with milk and honey. The wilderness would be re-peopled, and the plain of Sharon would again blossom like the rose."

WILLIAM WICKHAM.

The History of the Parish of Wookey. By the Rev. T. S. Holmes, Vicar of the Parish. (Bristol: Jefferies.)

THIS work is a successful advance upon the history of the parish of Wookey as recorded by Phelps and Collinson, and its author deserves to be congratulated for the example which he has set and for the painstaking

manner in which he has gone about his task. His book will be useful as a contribution to the general history of Somerset, and as an incitement to others to undertake similar work for other parishes in that neighbourhood.

His method is described in an interesting introduction, in which the labours of several years are summarised. The parish registers and the title-deeds of the church endowment have been carefully studied, with the result that a good many facts have been discovered about families living at Wookey so far back as the reign of Richard II. The episcopal registers at Wells and the cathedral records furnish information as to the church, the rectorial leases of the sixteenth century, and the ancient endowment of the vicars choral. The early history of the manor has been collected from entries in the Close Rolls and Patent Rolls; and the papers 'on bishops' temporalities and lay subsidies supply the facts as to the sale of the church lands under the Commonwealth, and the names of the principal inhabitants at different periods. The author tells us that of all the sources of information, other than those to be found in the parish itself, none were so useful as the Court Rolls of the Bishop's manors which are open to inspection at Lambeth. From them he derived his knowledge of the ancient manorial customs, which in many points bear a striking resemblance to the better-known "Customs of Taunton Deane," and was further enabled to give some account of the local forms of villeinage and to secure a good list of field-names. The Hallmote minutes are full of information about these names, which are now recognised as affording evidence of great importance to the local historian. We need not accept all the author's conjectural etymologies, such as "hare-pits" from "here-path," "Wert Hill" from "Cbbawurt," and the "Folly" from "folkland"; but the reader should note the numerous names referring to common-field husbandry, such as Buryfurlong, Buttice Lane, Goarway Fields, Peasfurlong, Wyndermoor, and an acre called "Reeve of Wookey," as having once been the appanage of the copyholder who served as bailiff. "Manganese Ground," "Iron Mills," and "Teazil Close" bear names referring to local industries which are now unfortunately extinguished. "Sulow Share Plot" recalls the West-country name for the plough, "batch" is a hill, and "lake" is a spring or a stream; "overland" is land held by agricultural service, the word being connected with *averagium* and *ouvrage*; and "old auster" means the site of an ancient house, so called from the *astre* or hearth-place. "Gayley Mead" indicates the presence of the sweet-smelling *myrica* or gale; "Gaston" is the grass-close or "grass town"; "Cunnigar Field" and "Laxes Cunnigar" show the existence of two rabbit-warrens, a somewhat abnormal circumstance; and "Cold Harbour" must, as usual, be accepted as evidence of the vicinity of a Roman road. The court-rolls date back to the early part of the fourteenth century. They show payments for "hallage" or court-dues, and "chevage" or head-money for the slaves; customary tenants pay "gavelerth" as a composition for ploughing, and a payment called "gut-ferm." No return is made for manual labour, because the copyholders are *ad gabulum*, "and they

have such allowance for their works, if they do them, as the works are worth in money according to the custom." At one of the courts the corpse-men or *cadaveratores* report that "one sow was found dead on the moor, but no one is to blame." Among other curious items in the accounts we may notice a payment for digging and thinning of "crocus" for the lord's table and for levelling the crocus-beds, an allowance for the "gust" of the villeins at Martinmas, and payments of wheat for church-set. As to matters of family history, the reader will find entries relating to the "Taylors *alias* Buxtons," who emigrated to New England in the reign of Charles I., and to a house and fardell of land called "Strecchis-tenement."

There are one or two matters which will require attention in a future edition. Collinson's notions about the *Cangi* and the leaden trophy described by Musgrave are now quite obsolete, and it is hardly worth while to discuss his identification of Wookey Hole with the cavern mentioned by Clement of Alexandria. If anything is to be said about the cavern, reference should be made to that passage of Giraldus in which he describes the hollow rock on Barry Island, where "a noise is heard as of smiths at work, the blowing of bellows, grinding of tools, and roaring of furnaces." The parish of Wookey derives its name from the cave, in Welsh "Ogo," through which the Axe flows down from the heights of Mendip; and it is chiefly known to the world by the long labours of Prof. Boyd Dawkins in the great hyena den. It is somewhat remarkable that such widely famous discoveries should be absolutely unmentioned in the local history. It may be worth while to point out a slight error in the reference to the hundred rolls, the bishop's lordship in Wells Forinsecum being wrongly described as a manor; and it may also be suggested that it is dangerous to quote a document rejected by Kemble as "a charter which claims to be original." If such documents are quoted at all, it would be well to give entire copies, so that the reader can judge whether they look like authentic records. The book deserves to be brought out in a larger form, and to be furnished with a fuller apparatus of authorities, in which the omissions above mentioned might be supplied.

CHARLES ELTON.

NEW NOVELS.

Court Royal. By the author of "John Herring." In 3 vols. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

Effie Ogilvie. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 2 vols. (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

Hester's Ventures. By the author of "Made-moiselle Mori." In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

A Charge Fulfilled. By Mrs. Molesworth. (S. P. C. K.)

Sir William's Speculations. By M. Laing-Meason. (Sampson Low.)

Interrupted. By "Pansy." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Three Times Tried. By B. L. Farjeon. (S. P. C. K.)

The Stranger Case. By Robert L. Bathos. (Bevington.)

In the introduction to his new novel the

author of "John Herring" complains that critics failed to grasp the moral purpose of his former books. He is determined to allow them no opportunity of repeating the mistake as regards *Court Royal*, and we are put on our guard by a preliminary sketch of the genesis and purpose of the story. The author's intention is to contrast the new civilisation, distinguished by "its individualism and impatience of restraint social, moral, and religious combined with impulsive generosity," and the old civilisation distinguished by "traditional culture, infused with feudal-Christian morality," and to trace their interaction on each other. Thus it will be observed that *Court-Royal* is a *Tendenz-roman* of the strictest sect, and would satisfy the severest Teutonic exigencies. It labours under the primary disadvantage of this consciously moral order of fiction: the characters are rather expositions of theories or views of society than sympathetic creations. Moreover, in order to heighten the contrast between his opposing tendencies, the author is continually driven near the verge of exaggeration, and is more than once forced over the edge into the region of sheer burlesque. Again, he is haunted by a morbid anxiety that his moral purpose should not be missed, in spite of the introduction. It is not pleasant, however, to be violently nudged in the ribs every time the attention is growing absorbed. Still, when all these drawbacks are discounted, *Court Royal* remains a notable book. But we greatly prefer the scenes laid in the Barbican to those laid at Court Royal. In the neighbourhood of Sutton Pool the author is able to exercise his peculiar talent: the discovery and analyses of strange, savage, and rudimentary types of human beings. The Jew pawnbroker is a good study of its kind; and Joanna, the gutter-child, pawned to him by a destitute mother, is the most vivid and interesting figure in the story. The old order, as represented at Court Royal, is, however, rather grotesque, and contributes to a certain air of effort and unreality pervading these volumes, clever and original as they undoubtedly are.

In *Effie Ogilvie* the reading public is indebted to Mrs. Oliphant for one more pleasant novel from her inexhaustible pen. The story might well be recommended to beginners in fiction as a model for the simplicity with which it is constructed, and for the absence of padding and pretence with which it is narrated. We could wish, too, that beginners might possess the humanity and quiet humour with which Mrs. Oliphant describes Effie's stepmother, the two Miss Dempsters (who are a good deal given to "havering"), and the local interests and politics of Gilston. There seems no reason why trouble should have entered at all into such a quiet and ordered existence as Miss Effie's. But unfortunately it is exposed to the diplomacy of Mrs. Ogilvie, a managing busy-body with a self-reliance which is never shaken, and a stubborn belief that her impulses are in perfect accord with a disinterested prudence. She belongs to that class of people who are indomitably determined to do their duty, and like acquainting their neighbours with the fact. The natural consequences, of course, result from Mrs. Ogilvie's doing her duty by her step-

daughter in this spirit. We anticipate, however, that things will come right in the long run for Effie in spite of her painful experiences. At any rate, Mrs. Oliphant does not close the door of consolation upon us. Next to the Ogilvies the Dirom family occupy the principal position in these pages—a family of *nouveaux-riches* who make a considerable stir and excitement in the quiet Border neighbourhood. We think Mrs. Oliphant prepares us a little too sedulously perhaps for the catastrophe, and Mr. Dirom's vulgarity is painted in rather strong colours. But the Miss Diroms are excellent, with their flighty enthusiasms, facile romance, and complete inability to grasp the realities of life.

Like the previous books by the same author, whom we venture to assume to be a lady, *Hester's Venture* is decidedly above the average even of the better fiction of the day. It has both character and plot, is written with much grace and finish, and deserves a more permanent popularity than is usually the fate of novels most in demand at the circulating libraries. A certain air of confusion in the second and third volumes is the worst charge that can be brought against it. Perhaps there are too many threads in the narrative, and the author occasionally finds it difficult to retain complete control of them all. Again, the exact balance and contrast of characters in pairs—Hester Torrington and Olivia Vane, James Berg and Arthur Pembroke, &c.—is an early defect from which mature writers of fiction disengage themselves. But in their delineation are to be found rare qualities of sympathy and more than once genuine flashes of insight. Hester Torrington is a charming heroine, and her grandmother, with her tact and refinement, an exquisite study, while Olivia Vane is a rather more ambitious attempt and not quite so successful. Nor can we pass by the German merchant, Herr Müller, with a touch of German sentimentality in him and a belief in the soul-elevating mission of the stage even in England, and his vulgar good-natured wife. But Mrs. John Torrington as a character demands special attention. The daughter of a disenter and shopkeeper in a provincial town, her marriage to her husband in the days of his adversity was probably due to some latent spark of romance in her hard, narrow nature. The suspicion and the jealous affection which she brings with her into her new surroundings are well given; and the scene, where Hester lightly takes up in her arms her sister-in-law's child, which the failing mother has been forbidden to hold, possesses real power. It has a touch of reserve in it—the true secret of power.

Mrs. Molesworth always writes well about children; but, unfortunately, in her present story we are carried beyond childhood too soon, and the greater part of the book possesses no peculiar attraction. It does not rise above the well-intentioned and sentimental class of literature to which it belongs, in which poetic justice is always meted out tempered with mercy. Avicé Bligh, a farmer's daughter, is entrusted by a widowed mother with the charge of her two children during a temporary absence. Mrs. Redmond never returns, and the children fall into the

power of their guardian, the villain of the piece. How Avicé, obedient to a strong presentiment, rescues and preserves Julia and so fulfils her charge must be left to Mrs. Molesworth's readers to discover. She contrives to make the episode exciting. When the heroine grows up, a *deus ex machina* appropriately descends in the person of a legal cousin to reinstate her in the world and confront the guilty trustee. But Adrian Verschoyle is a man of sentiment as well as of law, and the usual misunderstandings in these cases are successfully removed.

Sir William's Speculations belongs to that class of books which are avowedly written with a purpose; M. Laing-Meason's purpose in this instance being to warn the inexperienced from dabbling in joint-stock companies and placing their trust in those financial agents who are known as promoters. The story is well told, however, and goes straight enough to the point, while it is quite open to the author to retort, if the verisimilitude of his bubble-companies is attacked, that similar absurdities attract crowds of victims every day. Still we wish M. Laing-Meason had been a little more happy in the invention of title and prospectus. A touch of Thackeray's felicity goes for much in this kind of literature. Sir William Mavell, K.C.S.I., a retired Indian judge, finds himself after an active career consumed with the ordinary malady of Englishmen in his position—the desire of occupation. Unfortunately instead of taking to the Charity Organisation Society he falls in with Mr. Firmin, a designing promoter, to whom the name of the ex-member of the Council of Bengal or of the Supreme Council of India (for M. Meason apparently confuses the former body, which exists only in his imagination, with the second) may be decidedly useful. *Facilis descensus*—it is not necessary to trace Sir William's misfortunes; but we leave him living in a French provincial town on an assignment made by the Bankruptcy Court from his official pension instead of comfortably installed in Trebizond Road within reach of the St. James's Square Club.

Interrupted belongs to a familiar class of religious American novels, but it is written with somewhat more freshness than usual. The daughters of a Boston millionaire are thrown on the world by the failure of their father; and Miss Claire Benedict carries into her new vocations the powers of organisation and leadership which she has already exhibited touched to higher issues by her recent experience. How she unites her pupils in an effort to improve and beautify their church may be left for the reader to investigate. Of course such a heroine must inevitably find a corresponding Sir Galahad; and an appropriate marriage "interrupts" for a time the work Miss Benedict has in hand. The sentiment of the story is wholesome; but it cannot be said to display remarkable insight. There is some orthography—"supurb, embarrassing gayety"—which may be condoned by American taste, but is a grievous affliction to British eyesight.

Three Times Tried is, we believe, the first volume of that "Penny Library of Fiction" which the S. P. C. K. is placing on the market. Its get-up, considering the price, is very good, the letterpress being clear and

readable. The universe, however, in Mr. Farjeon's story is chiefly constructed for the purpose of affording Mr. Plumridge, artisan and then soldier, opportunities for triumphing over his baser impulses, and rescuing his dearest foe, Captain Bellwood. For the captain had carried off Clara Silversedge from him with an aristocratic *hauteur* peculiar to the transpontine boards. Still, Mr. Plumridge not only saves his enemy on the battlefield, in the Australian bush, and from a burning house in St. John's Wood, but he preserves his own incognito throughout. Finally, Mr. Plumridge, junior, falls in love with the false Clara's daughter, the captain opportunely dies, and what can be is put right. The sentiment of Mr. Farjeon's story strikes us as being rather made to order.

Fame and success have their penalties; and destiny has not allowed Mr. R. L. Stevenson to escape a skit upon his last story. The merit of a parody is often in inverse ratio to the excellence of the original; but *The Strange Case of Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll* deserved something better than this dullest of travesties. The character of *The Stranger* in order to extract a smile, may be gathered from its appearance before the world as a "Rum-antic" story. Such literature, without wit, humour, or fancy, is but weary reading. C. E. DAWKINS.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Echoes from Theocritus, and other Sonnets. By Edward Cracroft Lefroy. (Elliot Stock.) Mr. Lefroy tells us in his preface that he considers minor poetry as legitimate an exercise as second-rate biography, or average novel writing. This is certainly an understatement of his case, because minor poetry need never be tedious as the others must. Without pretending to a double share of inspiration, a man may surely sing his song or paint his picture as well as he can, for his own satisfaction and the pleasure of his friends; and if the quality of his voice be well away from the cornerack, no one need complain if it is neither lark nor nightingale. In this little volume Mr. Lefroy shows himself a competent and very graceful sonneteer. Thirty of his sonnets are "Echoes from Theocritus," as he rightly calls them, rather than translations. This, for instance, is the way he treats the Epigram on Cleonicus:

"Let sailors watch the waning Pleiades,
And keep the shore. This man, made over-cold
By godless pride and too much greed of gold,
Setting his gains before his health and ease,
Ran up his sails to catch the whistling breeze:
Whose corpse, ere now, the restless waves have
Rolled
From deep to deep, while all his freight, unsold,
Is tossed upon the tumult of the seas.
Such fate had one whose avaricious eyes
Lured him to peril in a mad emprise;
Yea, from the Syrian coast to Thasos bound,
He slipped his anchor with rich merchandise,
While the wet stars were slipping from the skies,
And with the drowning stars untimely drowned."

Of course, there is nothing here of the effect of the original—the business-like terseness of its six lines—yet, with such pathetic repetitions: "Unhappy Cleonicus—a merchant from hollow Syria—a merchant, O Cleonicus." But Mr. Lefroy does not aim at preserving the effect of the original. He takes the story and tells it in a sonnet of his own, in his own way, and certainly tells it very well. The miscellaneous sonnets are on a variety of subjects: "Lark," "Virgil," "Poppies," "A

Woodland Stream." Those which seem to us the most original are certain athletic sonnets: "A Football Player," "A Cricket Bowler," "Before the Race," "The New Cricket Ground," "A Palaestral Study." But they all reach a high level, both of feeling and execution. This is one, called "Bill":

"I know a lad with sun-illumined eyes,
Whose constant heaven is fleckless of a cloud;
He treads the earth with heavy steps and proud,
As if the gods had given him for a prize
Its beauty and its strength. What money buys
Is his; and his the reverence, unavowed,
Of toiling men for men who never bowed
Their backs to any burden anywise.
And if you talk of pain, of doubt, of ill,
He smiles and shakes his head, as who should say,
'The thing is black, or white, or what you will;
Let Folly rule, or Wisdom; any way,
I am the dog for whom this merry day
Was made, and to enjoy it.' That is Bill."

Mr. Lefroy has this, among other qualities of a poet, that he is fond of children.

Verses, Translated and Original. By H. G. Keene. (W. H. Allen.) This is a delightful little book, and, contrary to custom in such matters, the original verse is better and more striking than the translations. The blank verse rendering of Solomon's Song, with which the volume opens, though graceful and pleasant, scarcely draws us away from the familiar prose version. (Surely the note on p. 3, half apologetic for treating it as a poem of pastoral life, is out of date.) But "The Loser's Gain" (pp. 64-71) is a poem, and a right pleasant one, somewhat suggesting, perhaps, Mr. F. Myers, and, here and there, the "Ode of Life"; but, on the whole, a poem that must have been a joy to write, as it is to read. Very graceful, too, is "The Use of Song" (pp. 76-7). There is something haunting in the second stanza.

"We sang to the weary and cold,
Content with the hypocrite's praise.
How foolish it seemed to be old,
And how short were the long summer days!
And now that our own hearts are cold,
And our chief song is, "Why is it thus?"
We smile as the story is told,
And the young begin singing to us."

"Edged Tools" (p. 81) has a touch of Mr. Browning in it, yet has a power of its own.

"To be worshipped has been your life's task,
And to stab, with a stare:
For truly, in giving of pain,
Steel is only to gold
What love that is paid with disdain
Is to love that is sold."

The rhyme (ll. 5-7) of "tenth" with "strength" is ugly. "Rouge Gagne" (pp. 102-6) is full of vivid touches; one wishes it were not in fragmentary form. Mr. Keene must forgive us for detesting some of "Two Loves" (p. 100). The second verse—

"Only let your Dante marry,
He would find that marriage means
Signorina Portinari
In the kitchen cooking beans"—

is a permanent teasing hair in the mouth of the lovers of one of the most beautiful books the world has seen.

Poems. By W. W. How. (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.) This modest volume answers with singular exactness to Keble's definition of poetry—all the poems are the expression of an overflow of feeling that can find no other channel. The earliest is dated 1844, the latest 1885; so it is obvious that the overflow has been severely repressed, that as a rule all feeling has been caught and put to work. The collection is singularly equal. There is nothing to call progress, culmination, or decline. The only change (appropriately emphasised by a

sonnet headed "From Nature to Man," and dated 1880) is that the Bishop of Bedford takes more interest in humanity than in scenery, while with the Worcestershire curate the interest was the other way. A change in form corresponds to the change of motive: sonnets multiply towards the end of the volume. The longish poems in blank verse that recall Coleridge's "Hymn in the Valley of the Chamouni" disappear after 1858. The contrast between youth and age, city and country, rich and poor, recur again and again. There is a quaint fancy that the old years are always to be met wandering in solitary places long after the new year has come in. There is an echo, perhaps not unconscious, of Mrs. Browning's "Lost Bower": "Fairland" lay this time at Worthington instead of Bath. There is a poem, "Starlight by the Sea," avowedly suggested by Matthew Arnold's "Self Dependence," which embodies a subtle criticism. Those who will not ask for sympathy cannot give it. An interesting series of poems in four quatrains headed, "Sermon Notes in Verse," would be still better if they were not a little like overgrown sonnets. It is to be hoped, in view of posterity, that the names of nine of "My Clergy"—commemorated in as many sonnets—are on record somewhere for publication at the proper time; each is a vivid portrait of a man worth knowing, and, for all one can tell, almost unknown. The most ingenious of the sonnets is on the future of "University Settlements" in East London, founded in the hope

"Perchance where love and beauty go before,
Some path may open for an angel's feet;
Yet weary souls scarce lift a listless eye
To scan the proffered boon, and so pass by.
Ah! what if angel feet best lead the way,
And thoughts of God wake men as from the dead,
Dreams of new beauty visit souls that pray,
And Art but follow whither Faith hath led?"

There are three ballads of a kind that is becoming common since writers have learned to move in a track determined partly by Mr. Buchanan and partly by Col. Hay—not very successful, though the story of the London Mission is a pretty tract. Gentleman John is cruel enough to marry a girl with whom he has promised his father to hold no communication for two years, and to keep his word. On his return from the American mines he is drowned. We are asked to feel for his widow, who was well rid of him and her secret, and for all that appears may have thought so. A little hero of six teases his brother of four till they get lost and benighted. He tries to carry him home, failing which they creep into a field, say their prayers, and the elder takes off his clothes to cover the younger, and dies of exposure. It was a fine thing to do; but unconscious heroism is not the highest. No hero is perfect without a thorough knowledge and love of the nature of heroic action. The most perfect heroes have passed through this consciousness and out of it into a sphere where we cannot follow them. "The little hero" is overpraised. All who know him agree it would be hard to overpraise Bishop Lonsdale; but is it appropriate praise for one who was certainly no striker to call him a "white-haired warrior"? The incongruity is more surprising in a writer who has a very pretty turn of humour, which is at its best when the author is half serious, as in the "Babies' Wood Turkeycock," who, having lost his hens and half their broods, reared the survivors in a way to put working-class widowers with families to shame. In "The Floating of the Britannia Tubs," the writer's meaning is contagious; the same may be said of the "Three Pomelets" and "The Dunshed Question," though in both one feels that if one knew the time and the circumstances it would be easier to see the joke.

Iona, and Other Verses. By William Bright. (Rivingtons.) Nearly a third of this little volume may be said to be in the manner of Wordsworth—the Wordsworth of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, only still more ecclesiastical—putting into words the feelings which most people with well-filled memories and warm hearts experience in storied scenes, and commonly think it just as well to leave unexpressed—for want, it may be, of the gift of apt expression. Here is a fair specimen:

"See Ailsa, couched amid the deep;
The shepherd crowd at Lanark inn;
The rush of Clyde at Corallinn
A lesser Foyers—o'er its steep;
Old Stirling's realm securing rock,
Fit prize of Bruce's battle shock;
The curves of Forth across the plain,
The peerless arches of Dunblane."

The rest of the volume is more directly religious. There are a good many hymns, all of which deserve to find their way into hymn-books; and three, at least, which come as near St. Ambrose as any can hope to come in English—nearer than any have come since Ken. Here is a stanza:

"Men sat in darkness, Lord, when Thou
Thine own resplendent heaven didst bow,
And camest down to save the lost
From what a doom, at what a cost!"

There are a good many "directions" in verse—taken, we are informed from Newman and Pusey and other writers—which are doubtless more effective, though not more accessible, in the original prose. The manner sometimes reminds us distantly of the *Lyra Apostolica*, sometimes less distantly of Faber—at his second best. All are serviceable and suggestive—even the warnings against agnosticism—which condense the substance, such as it is, of much heated dialectic and rhetoric. So long as the Ego appears in consciousness as an intuition without a history, it is possible to reconstruct all the postulates of traditional Christianity. Probably there is more permanent value in the jubilant confidence of "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" than in the reminder of "Good Friday Evening" how much Joseph and Nicodemus were able to brave, with how little to believe or hope. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the seven or eight pages on the "Doctrine of the Incarnation," which will remind some readers of the less-known parts of Cowper; and even in him one seldom finds such sustained power of definite reasoned statement. The verse is alive with a restrained and delicate rapture, and, as in Pope's "Essay on Man," is actually clearer than most prose; and any apparent inconsistencies are not due, as in the "Essay on Man," to the author.

The End of Man. By Albany James Christie, S.J. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) This bulky volume contains an exposition of the "scheme of salvation" and a life of the Lord, with appropriate reflections, all in decasyllabic triplets, that remind one, almost on every page, of eighteenth-century ways of thinking and writing. It is embellished with photographs of engravings of well-known pictures. One can imagine that some very serious families might find it an acceptable table-book.

Poems. By William Wetmore Story. (Blackwood.) The present collection of Mr. Story's poetical work, in two pretty and convenient volumes, contains all the more characteristic of the author's poems of the last thirty years. From the volume of *Graffiti d'Italia* to the little collection of lyrics published two years since, entitled *He and She*, Mr. Story has produced a variety of dramatic sketches, descriptive and narrative idylls, and lyrics whose power and fancy and range of style and subject have been generally recognised. There is no need here to reconsider poetry that has

been so thoroughly discussed, though many who are unacquainted with the poet's early book, *Graffiti d'Italia*, which has been long out of print, will be pleased to meet with the present re-issue. The paradox of the case of Judas, so ingeniously elaborated in "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," has been further developed since its first appearance; and we are glad to note that Mr. Story has omitted nothing from the graphic and admirable series of "Portraits and Persons."

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. ERNEST RHYS, the editor of the Camelot Classics, and Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the editor of the Shelley Society's reprints, have combined to publish a volume containing the whole of Shelley's prose works, except *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne*, that is, all his prose tracts, pamphlets, and broadsides, all his prose essays, and such of his letters as are out of copyright. Mr. Wise will be responsible for the accuracy of the text. The book will fill about 400 or 425 pages. The first edition, to be ready on July 31, will consist of ten thousand copies. The price will be one shilling.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has written a new book on certain episodes in the political history of Ireland, which, though comparatively recent, are not very well known. It will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in the course of the present month, under the title of *The League of North and South, 1850 to 1855*.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. have in preparation a series of shilling volumes, to be called the "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," containing examples of the works of the greatest writers of the Christian Church, and including books of meditation and devotion, biographies, liturgies, &c. The editor is the Rev. P. H. Droosten, rector of Bingham, Nottingham. Among the works already selected are the *Confessions* of Augustine, R. Wilberforce's *Five Empires*, Sermons of St. Chrysostom, Herbert's Poems, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Athanasius's *Orations*, and Sermons by Massillon. It is proposed to publish the first three or four volumes together in September next, and thenceforth at intervals of a month.

THE council of the Essex Archaeological Society have decided to print the Admission Register of the Colchester Grammar School, and to entrust its annotation to Messrs. J. H. Round and H. W. King. The register was commenced in 1637 by the Rev. W. Dugard, who subsequently (1644) became master of Merchant Taylors. His system of registration is described by the Rev. C. J. Robinson (editor of the Registers of Merchant Taylors) as "simply invaluable to the genealogist," and his entries form the most important part of the Colchester School Register.

MR. HUBERT HALL has in the press a new work entitled *Elizabethan Society*. It will deal with the social life of the period in town and country, as well as at the court. Each chapter will contain a life-portrait of a contemporary worthy, sketched from entirely new materials. The work will be completed by an appendix containing some sensational letters and statistics; and the subject matter will be illustrated by eight plates from original MSS. The publishers are Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. F. ANSTEY's new novel, *A Fallen Idol*, will be published next week.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's new story, *Kidnapped*, will be published next month in volume form by Messrs. Cassell & Company.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. are pre-

paring a biographical dictionary, giving a short but succinct account of all persons who have been connected with the discovery, exploration and development—physical, social, political, and commercial—of the Colonies of Australia and New Zealand. The compilation of the work has been placed in the hands of Mr. George Collins Levey and Mr. A. Patchett Martin.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD announce *Haifa*, or *Life in Modern Palestine*, by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, with numerous illustrations and diagrams; and also a popular account of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain, by Col. T. P. White.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a volume of reminiscences by Hobart Pasha. It will be entitled *Sketches of My Life*.

THE same publishers also announce *Social Arrows*, a collection of articles on social questions contributed by Lord Brabazon at various times to magazines and newspapers; and *Outlines of Jewish History from the Babylonian Captivity to the Present Time*, by Mrs. Philip Magnus.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly a volume of sermons and essays by Canon Westcott, under the title of *Christus Consummator*.

THE same publishers announce new editions of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*, and of the late Prof. Clifford's *Lectures and Essays*.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. announce *A Year in Brazil*, by Mr. Hastings C. Dent, with notes on the abolition of slavery, the finances of the empire, religion, meteorology, natural history, &c. It will be illustrated with ten full-page engravings and two maps.

Robert Burns; and the Moral Influence of his Poetry, by a Scotchwoman, is the title of a small volume announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. The writer seeks to throw fresh light on the religious feeling expressed in certain of the poet's writings, in connexion with recent correspondence and the coming centenary celebration.

The Book of Duck Decoys; their Construction, Management, and History, by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, will be published in a few days by Mr. Van Voorst. Its author claims for his work the uncommon distinction of being the only book on the subject. It will be a quarto with numerous plans and views, and should prove interesting to naturalists, antiquaries, and sportsmen.

MESSRS. MASTERS & Co. will shortly publish a book by the Rev. J. Wayland Joyce, entitled *The Doom of Sacrilege and the Results of Church Spoliation*. Viscount Cranbrook has accepted the dedication of the work.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will issue this week a third edition of Mr. Grenville Murray's *Queer Stories from Truth*.

It is proposed to present a public testimonial to the Rev. F. O. Morris, of Nunburnholme, in recognition of his unremitting exertions in the cause of humanity to animals, and his success in making popular the study of natural history. The two principal promoters of the movement are Lady Mount-Temple, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle, better known as E.V.B.; the hon. secretary is Mr. E. Watts-Russell, New University Club, St. James's Street, W.

THE forty-fifth annual general meeting of the London Library was held yesterday, Sir Henry Barkly in the chair. The report of the committee showed a gain of members during the year of 212 and a loss by death and withdrawal of 163. The gross income was £6,060, and the expenditure £4,603, leaving a balance in hand of £1,244 and £213 invested in a sinking fund. The sum

of £1,112 has been spent in books—nearly 4,000 volumes, some of them of a costly character, such as Hodgson's *History of Northumberland*, Aguirre's *Collection of Ecclesiastical Councils in Spain and the New World*, Britton's *Architectural Antiquities and English Cathedrals*, Naville's *Das Aegyptische Totenbuch*, the Facsimile of the Laurentian MS. of Sophocles, and the new edition of *Vasari*. The total issue for circulation of books during the year amounted to 110,982 volumes, an increase of 7,575 on the previous year. The vacancies among the officers caused by the death of Lord Houghton and Archbishop Trench were filled by the appointment of Lord Tennyson as president, Sir Henry Barkly and the Dean of Llandaff as vice-presidents, with Sir John Lubbock as trustee.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON will sell in July the library of the late W. H. Tytheridge, of St. James's Square, Notting Hill, which is especially rich in English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, county histories, and bibliographical works. The first editions of both *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* are included.

THE first volume of the Middlesex County Record Society, containing coroner's inquests and post-mortem recognisances from 3 Edward VI. to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, is now ready for issue to members.

WE may be allowed so far to trespass into the field of politics as to call attention to a pamphlet by M. Ivan Pavlovitch, entitled *The Better Government for [sic] the United Kingdom*, and printed by Mr. Andrews, of 31, Museum Street. M. Pavlovitch is a Serb, who has spent several years in Paris and London with the object of studying the comparative history of political and social institutions. He is therefore qualified to speak not only with impartiality, but also with special learning. Like some other theorists, he regards the decentralisation of parliament as inevitable in the near future. The peculiarity of his own scheme is the ingenious manner in which he would subordinate the provincial legislatures to the imperial, and also maintain the representative character of the ministry. There is much more in the pamphlet than might be inferred from its small size.

IN the last number of *Notes and Queries* Canon Isaac Taylor offers a new explanation of the name of Britain. Just as Albion, the oldest name by which the island was known to foreigners, was probably derived from the white cliffs of Dover being visible from the Continent, so, he thinks, the name of Britain was at first confined to the region frequented by Iberian tin merchants. Britannia would thus originally denote only a part of Cornwall. In the first syllable he finds the Celtic name of St. Michael's Mount, in the second the Iberian locative suffix, found in so many of the tribal names of Spain.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE will deliver his second introductory lecture at Oxford, as Professor of Poetry, on June 23. The subject is, in continuation of the first lecture, "Poetry compared with the other Fine Arts."

ON Tuesday, June 15, Convocation at Oxford will be asked to sanction a vote of £1,000 for the Ashmolean Museum. The money, we believe, is chiefly needed to afford accommodation for a unique collection of artistic objects which one of our first amateurs has not obscurely hinted that he is willing to present to the University. On the same day a vote of £1,850 will be proposed for the building of an annex to the University Galleries in Beaumont Street.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH will deliver two public lectures at Cambridge on Tuesday and Thursday of next week upon "The Theory

of Sacrifice, as illustrated by a Comparison of Semitic and Greek Ritual."

WE have heard of German professors teaching Sanskrit at Benares, Bombay, and Poona, but we were not prepared to hear of an Englishman being appointed Professor of Japanese in the Imperial University of Tokio. We see, however, in the Japanese papers that Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, the well-known Japanese scholar, has been requested to lecture on Japanese language and literature to Japanese students in the University of Tokio, the same university in which Bunyiu Nanjio, who learnt Sanskrit at Oxford and received an honorary degree from the university, is now teaching a large class of Buddhist priests the elements of Sanskrit and the ancient literature of Buddhism.

ON August 25 of the present year Prof. E. Zeller, of Berlin, the historian of Greek philosophy, will attain the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate. Some of his friends and admirers propose to commemorate the occasion by presenting to him a bust of himself, together with the names of those who contribute anything to the gift. The committee comprises the names of most of the best known professors of Germany, with that of Prof. Max Müller. An American committee has also been formed.

It is interesting to see how they raise the standard of languishing studies in America. In the Correspondence School of the American Institute of Hebrew, managed by Dr. W. R. Harper (now happily appointed to Yale), there are at present enrolled 683 students, viz., 374 in the elementary class, 189 in the intermediate, 120 in the progressive. An advanced class, for which 90 men are ready, will shortly be organised. The work has enlisted the co-operation of nearly all the Old Testament professors in the various Protestant theological seminaries. In England, perhaps, we care too much for the "advanced class," and too little for the "elementary"; and the consequence is that we have but too few of either.

THE *Oxford Magazine* of June 2 prints a second letter by Mr. Goldwin Smith upon "Oxford, Old and New," addressed to the president of his former college, Magdalen. The first letter gave reminiscences of the days of Dr. Routh; this letter comments upon the great changes that have taken place in the university within the past twenty years, and is on the whole optimistic in tone.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

THE Sette of Odd Volumes will hold their monthly meeting at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday next, June 8, when Brother Quaritch will deliver a discourse on the learned societies and printing clubs of the United Kingdom. The president, Brother George Clulow, will receive the friends of the Sette at 8 p.m.; and there will be an exhibition of the publications of the learned societies and printing clubs in illustration of the discourse.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON is preparing for the Chaucer Society a fresh part of the Oriental originals and analogues of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Two other welcome papers have been lately sent to Dr. Furnivall for the Chaucer Society—first, Prof. Cowell's short essay, showing that Chaucer got his name of the Armenian queen "Anelyda" from the goddess Anaitis; second, Dr. E. A. Bond's edition of the fragments of the Household Book of Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III., which contain the first mention of Chaucer as a page in the household, and which Dr. Bond discovered in the linings of the cover of a MS.

MR. FREDERICK LOOKER has given leave to the Shelley Society to reprint in facsimile his

copy of Shelley's *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson* (4to, 1810). Sir Percy Shelley has also promised to lend the society, for the like purpose, his copies of his father's undated pamphlets, written in 1812: *A Letter to Lord Ellenborough*, and *Proposals for an Association of Philanthropists*.

BOTH the Shelley Society and the Browning Society are to change their honorary secretaries next month. Mr. Preston, of the Shelley Society, finds its work too much for the little time that he can spare from his profession. His successor will be Mr. James Stanley Little, who has had much experience in organising in connexion with Imperial Federation. He will take office in July. The Browning Society's post is resigned by Mr. W. J. Dykes Campbell in order that he may get freedom to winter abroad or engage in other pursuits at home. He will be succeeded by an old member of the committee, Mr. Walter B. Slater, who, to inaugurate his term of office, has, through Dr. Furnivall, obtained Mr. Browning's consent for the society to reprint in facsimile the original edition of *Pauline* (1833)—the rarest of the poet's works—a copy of which fetches from ten to twenty pounds. The book is in Messrs. Clay's hands; and the facsimile will be ready on July 1, for immediate issue to members who then pay their new year's subscriptions.

MR. SLATER has also obtained the promise of Archdeacon Farrar to open the next session of the Browning Society, on October 29, with the lecture which he delivered in America on Browning. This will be given in the Botany Theatre at University College, and the public will be admitted.

AT the annual meeting of the New York Shakspeare Society a paper was read from Prof. J. D. Butler on "Once-used Words in Shakspeare." The very first line that Shakspeare published, "Even as the sun, with purple-coloured face," contains the compound word "purple-coloured," which he never repeated. Prof. Butler had ascertained that the number of Shakspeare's *ἀπὸ λευγέρας* beginning with M was 674, from which he inferred that the total was about 5,000.

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

M. PAUL DE NOLHAC, professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, has made a most interesting discovery. He has found in the library of the Vatican, which probably still conceals many more such treasures, the original autograph of Petrarch's *Canzoniere*, printed by Aldus Manucius in 1501, of which all trace had been lost. Scholars have even doubted whether this Aldine edition rested upon any authority; but M. de Nolhac has collated it with the MS., and has further been able to trace the history of the MS. from the time when it disappeared.

THE French Government have nominated M. Schéfer, of the Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes, and MM. Guimet and de Milloué, both of the Musée des Religions, to attend the forthcoming Oriental Congress at Vienna.

THE jury appointed by the French government for the Paris Exhibition of 1889 includes the following names: Antonin Proust, Ernest Renan, Puvis de Chavanne, Charles Garnier, Bailly, Kaempfen, de Ronchaud, Paul Mantz, and Philippe Burty.

M. CHARLES EPHRUSSI will publish immediately a biography of the late Paul Baudry, with a complete list of his works, illustrated with ten plates and twenty-four designs.

M. PAUL SÉBILLOT, who has just published *Coutumes populaires de la Haute Bretagne*, as the twenty-first volume of "The Popular

Literatures of all Countries," is now engaged upon a work dealing with the legends, beliefs, and superstitions of the sea.

M. HACHETTE announces a new illustrated edition of M. Duruy's *History of Greece*, as a companion work to the same author's *History of Rome*, of which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. are publishing an English translation. It will be in three volumes, of 800 pages each, illustrated with about 1,500 engravings and fifty maps and plans.

M. FLACH, professor at the Collège de France, has just published the first volume of a work dealing with the origins of ancient France. It is entitled *Le Régime seigneurial*.

PROF. EMILE DE LAVELEYE has reprinted from the *Revue de Belgique* an article entitled "La Propriété Collective du Sol en Différents Pays" (Brussels: Muquardt), in which he collects and examines the several works on the subject that have appeared since the publication of his own work *De la Propriété et de ses Formes Primitives*, now in its third edition. For English readers, perhaps the most interesting portion is that in which he summarises the results of a recent investigation by the Dutch government into the *deessa*, or village community of Java. Both the name and the thing would seem to be of Indian origin. In referring to Mr. Webster's recent pamphlet on certain primitive customs in the Pyrenees, M. de Laveleye makes a curious blunder. It is evident that he has derived (directly or indirectly) his information about this pamphlet from the notice of it in the *ACADEMY* of March 27, where it is correctly described with its full French title and the name of its Bayonne publisher. But M. de Laveleye states that it is published "chez Bayonne, à Londres."

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, Prof. d'Arbois de Jubainville read a paper upon the rule of Old Irish law called *nemed*, according to which a creditor belonging to the privileged class of clergy or nobility enforced his claim by fasting at the door of his debtor. If the debtor nevertheless remained obdurate, and the fasting ended in death by starvation, then the ultimate sanction was a threefold penalty, consisting of (1) the ordinary *wergeld* for a homicide, (2) double the value of the food which the faster would otherwise have consumed, and (3) compensation varying with the rank of the deceased—the whole estimated in terms of female slaves and horned cattle. Prof. d'Arbois proceeded to draw an amusing picture of the penalty which the Archbishop of Armagh, as *comarba* of St. Patrick, would thus be entitled to levy against Mr. Gladstone for the injury suffered in the disestablishment of the Church. M. Gaston Paris professed himself sceptical as to the historical nature of the proceeding, which he preferred to consider a sort of legal fiction. It is curious that no one noticed the precisely analogous custom of *dharna*, which is still in force in the native states of India. See a letter of Mr. Whitley Stokes in the *ACADEMY* of September 12, 1885, and Col. Yule's *Glossary of Anglo-Indian Words*, s.v.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S RIVAL.

You pause before the face below the crucifix, as all men do;
You ask her name and history. What matters it?
She is a saint in Heaven these forty years.
Ah, yes! 'tis forty years ago, come All Soul's eve,
And I live on forgotten. When she died the sun
lost all its warmth,
The sky its blue, a thick dull mist came down
upon me.
I could not see to paint, the colours all were dim,
and blurred, and dead.

They used to be so bright. Ah, yes! I am growing old, no doubt,
 And something weary of this cold grey sun.
 Once I was young, she lived, the world was warm,
 And fair,
 And there were those who said, that only Leonardo
 equalled me.
 A sweet rare face, you say. Yes, rare indeed, to
 me beyond all others,
 Though there be many with beauty far beyond,
 hers is to me
 The one face in the world, and I can paint it still.
 The sun grows warm and bright, once more the
 colours glow,
 And my lost art comes back to me again, again I
 see her face,
 And make it live for ever. The Fathers come to
 me, and say,
 "Good brother, paint us yet another saint." St.
 Katherine they mean;
 It was her name, and I can paint none else save her
 alone.
 Yes! Leonardo won the fame, the world is at his
 feet.
 Ah, well! To him the sun is always warm, the sky
 is blue and clear.
 Something there died in me that All Soul's eve, I
 know not what,
 But it has never come again. Yes, there she hangs
 below the crucifix
 And I do daily pray Our Lady's grace to bring me
 soon
 Where I may see once more her face.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

A HIGH TIDE AT HASTINGS.

A THOUSAND wavelets and a thousand waves
 That leap and strive with never-ceasing roar,
 And sing incessant o'er the pebbly shore
 A song of wrecks and myriad ocean graves.
 The sea leaps forward like a soul that craves
 The full fruition that comes nevermore.
 The moon—as in the primal days of yore—
 Rains liquid music o'er the sombre waves.
 The rushing waters headlong onward dash
 Against the strong sea-wall, in endless fret,
 And, hurled aloft, in many a futile jet,
 Fall back repuls'd from their endeavour rash.
 So beats the tide of life on Fate's sea-wall,
 With Heav'n's bright lamp of pity over all.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THIS is the poorest number of the *Antiquary* which we remember to have seen. One article only is worthy of study. This is the unsigned paper on the "Archæological Remains at Tunis." Tunis and its neighbourhood are a perfect magazine of antiquities of many times and many races. Phœnician, Roman, and Moslem art may here be seen side by side; and, if it were possible to examine the country thoroughly, we doubt not that relics of still earlier peoples would be brought to light to gladden the hearts of those who study the history of men who have left no written memorials. Mr. Hodgett's paper on "The Scandinavian Elements of the English Race" is but a fragment, and cannot in justice be criticised until complete. The same may be said as to Mr. Round's article, entitled "Is Mr. Freeman accurate?" We may, however, remark that the tone of some of the sentences cannot be approved. That Mr. Freeman is an accurate historian no one who has carefully studied his works can doubt; that his writings should be free from error is impossible. No one who has worked hard among mediæval chronicles and charters, especially those of the early Norman period, will judge an historian harshly on account of an occasional slip. We are but too thankful to possess an earnest and accomplished student who will try to give us the exact truth on those minute matters which so many persons even yet consider to be beneath notice.

THE principal contents of the *Revista Contemporánea* for April are a well-written account by S. Jimenez of the Prussian occupation of Arguin, on the West Coast of Africa (1681-1721). "Las Dos Castillas," by Fatigate, "Los Gremios," by Javier Ugarte, "Asociación de Agricultores," by Alvarez Sereix, all turn more or less on the abuses of modern centralisation; the last strongly opposes the sale of the forest-lands by Señor Camacho. Lorenzo d'Ayot writes warmly on behalf of a Spanish opera and of a government school of dramatic art. Lighter papers are "Del Ajo [garlic] y sus derivados," by Jordana y Morera; "Leyendas Salmantinas," by Maceira; and two sonnets on Napoleon by E. Ferrari. There are two philological essays—one on "Volapuk," lively, and adverse to its claims; and the first chapter of a history of the Spanish language by Martín Minguez. The novel of Galician town life, "Escaramuzas," by Donna Eulalia de Lians, is concluded this month.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for April contains "Nuevos datos" for the history of the Cortes of 1611, 1615, and 1617 by Manuel Danvila. In the first Philip III. congratulates the Cortes on the expulsion of the Moriscos, and on the general condition of the kingdom. In 1617 a vain attempt was made to restrict expenditure of supplies to the purposes for which they were granted; all else shows increased servility. Fernandez Duro confirms, by strong arguments, the observations of Force on the apocryphal character of the letters attributed to Amerigo Vespucci, assigning them to a triumvirate—Walter Lud, Waltzemüller, and Jean Basin—and thus clearing the character of Vespucci himself. Dr. E. Hübner writes on an inscription found at Argavies, near Huesca, with verses by Maternus, a poet of the first century, A.D. Other discoveries mentioned are: of Roman pottery, bronze, and iron near Tielmes, an amphitheatre near Carmona, and Roman constructions at Santander. F. Fernandez y Gonzalez briefly describes a Syriac-Arabic liturgy of the sixteenth century. Padre F. Fita continues his inedited documents on the history of Madrid. Two of those here given (1203-27) show that the title *Mio Cid* was not the exclusive property of the great Campeador. We read, in 1206, "El vendedor Don Ordon Pedrez es el de Cabrera, filio de Pedro Roiz mio Cid."

PROF. DOWDEN ON GOETHE.

THE following letter, from Prof. E. Dowden, addressed to Mr. W. C. Coupland, was read at the inaugural meeting of the English Goethe Society last Friday:

"Dublin: May 27, 1886.

"I regret much that my College work prevents me from being present at the first public meeting of the English Goethe Society, and from having the pleasure of listening to the address of our President. Accept my hearty good wishes.

"I have just been reading an article written thirty-nine years ago by Mr. Herman Merivale for the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he gives some account of the centenary Goethe celebration of 1849; and I have been contrasting mentally those days with these. All the literary capitals of Germany, he says, 'vied with one another in inventing ceremonial observances for the national jubilee.' Schumann, Mendelssohn, Alexander von Humboldt, contributed to glorify the day—the anniversary of Goethe's birth. 'There were triumphal arches, fountains, scenic decorations, transparencies of Goethe, surrounded by every attribute of allegory . . . dinners, polkas, illuminations, and fireworks.' Yet everywhere alike, says Mr. Merivale, the celebration was regarded as a failure. No corresponding enthusiasm was kindled in the audiences by the laborious enthusiasm of the managers. 'The multitude listened dull, spiritless, and uninterested.'

"1849.—It was a moment of Revolution, and the hearts of the people were not attuned to the wisdom of one who was at once a Liberator and a Conciliator. To Mr. Merivale it seemed also that Germany had discovered by 1849 a hollowness, an unreality, in 'the vaunted world-philosophy of the accomplished Epicurean.' And he proceeds, in his *Edinburgh Review* article, to study Goethe as the successor, in the European world, of Voltaire and Rousseau, representing, as compared with them, a reaction from intellectual courage and social enthusiasm, a gradual disenchantment, 'until the care of self and its interests seems the only reality.' Mr. Merivale's general conclusion respecting the teaching for human life embodied in Goethe's writings is expressed in the words of Bunyan: 'Then saw I that there is a way to Hell even from the gates of Heaven'—the way of refined egoism—as well as from the City of Destruction."

"Now those who regard Goethe's wisdom of life as, in the main, true wisdom and sound, may, I think, contentedly accept Mr. Merivale's point of view, which regards him as the successor in European literature of Voltaire and Rousseau. His great life, extending over fourscore years, makes him a man of the eighteenth, and also of the nineteenth, century. Humanity, as Voltaire said, had lost its title-deeds, and the task of the eighteenth century was to recover them. Under all Voltaire's zeal of destruction lay a positive faith and a creative sentiment—a faith in human intellect, and the sentiment of social justice. What indefatigable toil! what indefatigable play! Surely, it was not all to establish a negation. Voltaire poured a gay yet bitter élan into the intellectual movement of his time. His sensibilities, and those emotions connected immediately with the intellect, were lively. Yet we may justly say of Voltaire that his emotional nature was not deep or rich. He wanted love. And, although a positive tendency underlies his achievements, we are warranted in repeating the common sentence that, upon the whole, he destroyed more than he built up.

"Voltaire fought to enfranchise the understanding. Rousseau dreamed, brooded, suffered to emancipate the heart. A wave of passion, or, at least, of warm sentiment swept over Europe with the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, the *Confessions*, the *Emile*. It was Rousseau, exclaims Byron, who 'threw enchantment over passion,' who 'knew how to make madness beautiful.' And such an emancipation of the heart was felt, in the eighteenth century, to be a blessed deliverance from the prosaic material interests, and from the eager, yet too arid, speculating of the age. But Byron, in that same passage of the third canto of *Childe Harold*, names Rousseau 'the self-torturing sophist.' And a sophist Rousseau was. His intellect fed upon fictions and dangerous fictions—fictions respecting society, fictions respecting the individual man. Therefore, his intellect failed to illuminate and clarify his heart. And his emotions were turbid, restless, and lacking in sanity.

"Here, then, were Goethe's two great predecessors: one all vivacious intellect, the other all brooding sensibility; one emancipating the understanding, but deficient in love; the other emancipating the affections, but deficient in reason. In what relation did Goethe stand to these great forces of the eighteenth century?

"In his old age, speaking of Voltaire, Goethe uses the words 'an universal source of light.' But, as a young man, Goethe resisted the domination of that Grand Monarque. Such resistance was aided by the literary criticism of Lessing, by the counter attractions of Shakspeare, and by the clumsy imitations of French culture under Frederick and Germans of the elder school. But it chiefly arose from Goethe's sense, as a youth, of the 'factious dishonesty of Voltaire, and his perversion of so many worthy subjects.' 'He would never,' says Goethe, 'have done with degrading religion and the sacred books, for the sake of injuring priestcraft, as they called it, and had thus produced in me many an unpleasant sensation.' Goethe, indeed, did not deny the use to the spirit of negation. Mephistopheles lives and works. Yet, he lives and works as the unwilling servant of the Lord, and the service he renders is to provoke men from indolence to activity.

"So with the influence of Voltaire on Goethe's

youth. Far otherwise was it with the influence of Rousseau. That influence was the newest enthusiasm. It had been preached to young Germany by Herder. Inevitably, Goethe was caught into the general ardour, and abandoned himself to it for a time.

"Yet, Goethe differed from Rousseau as widely as he differed from Voltaire. Rousseau's undisciplined sensibility, morbidly excited by the harshness of his fellows, by bodily torment, by broodings in solitude, became, at last, one quivering mass of disease. 'No tragedy,' says Mr. John Morley, 'speaking of the close of Rousseau's life, 'had ever a fifth act so equalled.' What a contrast to the closing scenes of Goethe's life in that house of his, like a modest temple of the Muse, listening to Plutarch read aloud by his daughter-in-law, or, serenely active, *ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*, in widening his sympathies with man, or enlarging his knowledge of nature.

"How was this? Why did the ways part so widely for Rousseau and for Goethe?

"Mr. Hutton, in his thoughtful essay on Goethe, observes that he kept a part of himself 'as a permanent reserve-force outside the actual field of action, and ready to turn the flank of any new emergency.' In the composition of forces which determined Goethe's line of advance, this reserve-force sufficed to bring him in the end to his serene death; the lack of it caused that equalled fifth act of the tragedy of Rousseau. As a German Rousseau, the young creator of *Werther* may have started on his career. But the reserve-force of will, and an intellect growing daily in clearness and energy, would not permit him to end as Rousseau had ended. I have called Goethe a liberator. Voltaire was a liberator; Rousseau was a liberator. But Goethe was more—he was at once a liberator and a conciliator. Voltaire's influence and Rousseau's influence travelling on, and gathering force as they advanced, found in the French Revolution an exposition, social and political, on a stupendous scale. Reason took seat on the high altar of Notre Dame, and the requisite worship was, as the newspapers say, *executed*. 'Mrs. Momero,' writes our grim humourist, the Aristophanes of history, 'Mrs. Momero, it is admitted, made one of the best goddesses of Reason; though her teeth were a little defective.' Thus Voltaire had his day of public triumph. And, soon after, Rousseau had his day of triumph, when his disciple Robespierre proclaimed the Supreme Being from the tribune, and signalled Rousseau as 'the preceptor of the human race.' No such conspicuous triumph was in store for Goethe; but neither was there so conspicuous a collapse, so hideous a catastrophe in store for him. The ideal which Goethe proposed in his work of liberator and conciliator was a more modest one than a republic worshipping Reason, with teeth a little defective, or proclaiming officially the existence of a Supreme Being. His ideal was rather for the individual man—to liberate the whole man, and to conciliate his inward being with itself.

"It was doing over again the work of the Renaissance. But whereas the Renaissance had been a large, popular, instinctive movement, which worked chiefly through the passions and the practical energies of men, the work which Goethe accomplished was more an affair of intelligence, criticism, conscious self-direction. It was less of a flood sweeping away the old dykes and dams; and more of a dawn with silent energy drawing back the borders of darkness, and widening the skirts of light. A completely developed man—this was the ideal in which Goethe's thoughts centred, and towards which his most admirable work constantly tends. A completely developed state or commonwealth must follow, as an ideal arising out of, and necessarily proceeding from, the ideal for the individual. Goethe's aim was not to liberate the intellect alone; it was not to liberate the heart alone; but to liberate both intellect and heart, and not only to liberate, but to conciliate these. And whereas Rousseau's means for making men free was a simplification of life, a return to nature which rejected the gains of past culture, a fantastic noble savagery, Goethe's means was a great art of life; an art not at odds with nature, but its complement:

"This is an art which does mend nature—but
The art itself is nature."

"One who emancipates both intellect and heart

emancipates each into a higher sphere of action than one who emancipates either alone. Voltaire liberated the intellect. Good; but there was the piteous slave, the heart, cherishing, in spite of the intellect, all its dear relics and traditions, and forever hanging, like an injured, pleading creature, upon the intellect. Rousseau liberated the heart, but how could it be well with a heart nourished by all the sophisms of an intellect wandering astray? How, then, could the heart be itself other than a blind extravagant wanderer? Goethe infuses the virtue of the heart—produces energy, wise charity—into the intellect; and he illuminated the heart by intellectualised passion. If we ask—for this, after all, is the capital question of criticism—What has Goethe done to make us better? the answer is: He has made each of us desire and endeavour to be no fragment of manhood, but a man. He has helped each of us to seek out his best self from among the encumbrances of circumstance and custom, from shallow pleasures, poor ambitions, narrow creeds, spurious enthusiasms; and teaching us to look on that best self as the talent entrusted to us, he has advised us how to put it out at the highest usury.

"Uns vom Halben zu entwöhnen
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen
Resolut zu leben."

"The school of Goethe may not be a school for angels; hardly, perhaps, a school for saints. Saints and angels are needful to our earth, but they seem to come to us in solitary examples from some diviner world. These the school of Goethe may not suffice to produce. For our part, we are well satisfied that it should be an admirable high-school for men."

RENAN'S ADDRESS TO THE PARIS STUDENTS.

WE quote the following passages from a speech delivered by M. Renan at the annual dinner of the Association Générale des Etudiants de Paris:

"Je vous remercie de m'avoir invité à venir me réjouir avec vous aujourd'hui. . . . Votre jeunesse me réchauffe et me ravive. Il est si doux, quand les fenêtres se ferment d'un côté, de les voir s'ouvrir de l'autre. . . .

"La joie et le travail, dit le prédicateur, sont deux choses saines qui s'appellent réciproquement.

"Oui, travaillez, travaillez sans cesse, et, pourtant, amusez-vous; ne vous fatiguez jamais. Ce qui fatigue, c'est la contention, c'est l'effort pénible. Laissez la pensée venir à vous, avec son vêtement naturel, qui est la parole; ne l'appellez pas, ne la pressez pas. 'Je vais vous donner à cet égard quelques-unes de mes recettes. Reposez-vous d'un travail par un autre; ayez des objets d'étude assez divers. Les cases du cerveau occupées par un travail laissent des vides, qui sont avantageusement remplis par un autre travail. Il y a un beau mot d'un vieux rabbin du premier siècle. On lui reprochait de faire déborder le vase de la loi en y mettant trop de préceptes: 'Dans un tonneau plein de noix,' répondit-il, 'on peut encore verser plusieurs mesures d'huile de sésame.' Que c'est bien dit! Oui, on peut faire à la fois des choses très diverses, à condition de les caser dans les interstices les uns des autres. . . .

"Soyez toujours de très honnêtes gens. Vous ne pourriez pas bien travailler sans cela. Il me semble qu'on ne saurait bien travailler, ni même bien s'amuser, que si on est un honnête homme. La gaieté de la conscience suppose une bonne vie. Il y a des sujets bien délicats; il est convenu qu'on n'en parle pas. Mais vous me témoignez tant de confiance que je vous dirai tout ce que je pense. Ne profanez jamais l'amour; c'est la chose la plus sacrée du monde; la vie de l'humanité, c'est-à-dire de la plus haute réalité qu'il y ait, en dépend. Regardez comme une lâcheté de trahir la femme qui vous a ouvert pour un moment le paradis de l'idéal; tenez pour le plus grand des crimes de vous exposer aux malédictions futures d'un être qui vous devrait la vie et qui, par votre faute peut-être, serait voué au mal. Vous êtes des hommes d'honneur; regardez cet acte, qu'on traite avec tant de légèreté, comme un acte abominable. Mon opinion est que la règle

morale et légale du mariage sera changée. La vieille loi romaine et chrétienne paraîtra un jour trop exclusive, trop étroite. Mais il y a une vérité qui sera éternelle, c'est que des relations des deux sexes résultent des obligations sacrées, et que le premier des devoirs humains est de s'interdire, dans l'acte le plus gros de conséquences pour l'avenir du monde, une coupable étourderie. . . .

"En politique, si c'est à réussir que vous tenez, ne suivez pas trop mes conseils. J'ai visé par-dessus tout, dans ma vie, à conserver le repos de ma conscience, et j'y ai réussi. Je suis, par essence, un légitimiste: j'étais né pour servir fidèlement, et avec toute l'application dont je suis capable, une dynastie ou une constitution tenue pour autorité incontestée. Les révolutions m'ont rendu la tâche difficile. Mon vieux principe de fidélité bretonne fait que je ne m'attache pas volontiers aux gouvernements nouveaux. Il me faut une dizaine d'années pour que je m'habitue à regarder un gouvernement comme légitime. Et, de fait, c'est au bout de ce temps que les gouvernements commencent à faire quelque chose de bon. Jusque-là ils ne font que payer leurs dettes de premier établissement. Mais voyez la fatalité! Ce moment où je me réconcilie, et où les gouvernements commencent de leur côté à devenir assez aimables avec moi, est justement le moment où ils sont sur le point de tomber et où les gens avisés s'en écartent. Je passe ainsi mon temps à cumuler des amitiés fort diverses et à escorter de mes regrets, par tous les chemins de l'Europe, les gouvernements qui ne sont plus. Je leur suis plus fidèle que leurs affidés. Si la République venait jamais à tomber (ce qu'à Dieu ne plaise!), voyez quel serait mon sort. Moi qui ne suis pas un républicain *a priori*, qui suis un simple libéral, s'accommodant volontiers d'une bonne monarchie constitutionnelle, je serais plus fidèle à la République que bien des républicains de la veille. Je porterais le deuil du régime que j'en ai pas contribué à fonder. Or, j'ai 63 ans; vous voyez combien mon cas est étrange; les légitimistes à ma façon se préparent en notre siècle de cruels embarras, car il faudrait aussi que les gouvernements fussent fidèles à eux-mêmes, et ils ne le sont pas toujours."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CAMPOU, L. de. Un empire qui croule. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
CONTES d'Alsace sur les âges de la pierre et du bronze. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 7 fr. 50 c.
FÖRCHUNGEN zur deutschen Landes- u. Volkskunde, hrsg. v. R. Lehmann. 1 Bd. 6 Hft. Stuttgart: Engelhorn. 5 M. 50 Pf.
JACOB, G. Der Bernstein bei den Arabern d. Mittelalters. Leipzig: Simmel. 1 M.
SAINT-VALRY, G. de. Souvenirs et réflexions politiques: documents pour servir à l'histoire contemporaine. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr.
SCHWARZ, B. Vom deutschen Exil im Skythenlande. Erlangen, Krieger u. Aufklärung. aus der Dörmisch'schen Leipzig: Froberg. 2 M. 40 Pf.
VISCHER, R. Studien zur Kunstgeschichte. Stuttgart: Hönig. 10 M.

HISTORY.

- CHEVALIER, E. Histoire de la marine française sous la première république. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
COALITION, la, de 1701 contre la France. 1701-1713. Paris: Plon. 16 fr.
GERATHEWOHL, B. Die Reiter u. die Rittercenturien zur Zeit der römischen Republik. München: Ackermann. 2 M.
RATHORBER, J. Elsassische Geschichtsbilder aus der französischen Revolutionszeit. Basel: Schneider. 4 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- CARTHAUS, E. Mittheilungen üb. die Triasformation im nordöstlichen Böhmen u. in einigen angrenzenden Gebieten. Würzburg: Stachel. 3 M. 80 Pf.
WEBER, M. Studien üb. Säugethiere. Ein Beitrag zur Frage nach dem Ursprung der Cetaceen. Jena: Fischer. 12 M.
WESTERLUND, C. A. Fauna der in der paläarktischen Region lebenden Binnenschnecken. I. Fam. Tentacellidae, Glandinidae, Vitrinidae u. Leucoschroidae. Berlin: Friedländer. 3 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- FOERSTER, R. Die klassische Philologie der Gegenwart. Kiel: Universitäts-Buchhandlung. 1 M.
RIEMANN, J. De litis instrumentis quae exstant in Demosthenis quae fertur oratione adversus Neaeram. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
SACHS, G. Ueb. die dreisigste Rede d. Lysias. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

SCHWARZLOSE, F. W. Die Waffen der alten Araber, aus ihren Dichtern dargestellt. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 12 M.
 VIERZ, H. De Demosthenis in Androtonem et Timocratem orationibus. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT HARE.

Bamf, Aylth: May 27, 1886.

If the hare has really been adopted as a solar emblem by races living so far apart as the Algonquins and the ancient Egyptians, the reason must be sought for in something broader than an accident of language. Mr. Lang has called attention to the watchfulness of the hare, which seems to sleep with its eyes open. Another point which will occur to the mind of a sportsman is this: that the hare, when chased, always runs in circles, coming round to the spot from whence it was first started. It is thus not only a creature of ever wakeful eye, but also a swift creature that goes round and round. These characteristics are clearly appropriate to a solar emblem. J. H. RAMSAY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 7, 4 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: Conference of the Anthropological Institute, "Native Races in British Possessions in America and the West Indies."
 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
 8 p.m. Aristotelian: Annual Business Meeting.
 8 p.m. Victoria Institute.
 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Congo Free State," by Col. Sir Francis W. de Winton.
 TUESDAY, June 8, 2 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: Conference of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonisation.
 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Function of Circulation," VI., by Prof. A. Gamgee.
 8 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "The Ethnological Exhibits in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition," by Mr. C. H. Read; "Indian Shell-work," by Miss Buckland; and "Ethnological Objects from Ceylon and the Maldives Islands," by U. W. Rosset.
 8 p.m. Colonial Institute.
 8.30 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: "The Canadian North-West," by Mr. A. Begg.
 WEDNESDAY, June 9, 3.30 p.m. National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead: Annual Meeting. Address by the President, the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham.
 4 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: "British Grown Teas," by Mr. L. J. Shand.
 8 p.m. Geological: "The Volcanic Rocks of North-eastern Fife," by Mr. J. Durham, with an Appendix by the President; "Some Eruptive Rocks from the Neighbourhood of St. Minver, Cornwall," by Mr. F. Rutley; "The Bagshot Beds of the London Basin," by Mr. H. W. Monckton and Mr. R. S. Horrie; and "The Geology of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia," by Mr. E. Gilpin.
 8 p.m. Microscopical: "Devices for the better examination of Bacteria in Culture Tubes," by Mr. F. R. Cheahire; and "Photo-micrography," by Dr. E. M. Crookshank.
 THURSDAY, June 10, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Habit as a Factor in Human Morphology," III., by Prof. A. Macalister.
 4.30 p.m. Royal Society.
 8 p.m. Mathematical: Special Meeting, "Reciprocity in Statics," by Prof. Genese; "Formula for the Interchange of the Independent and Dependent Variables, with some Applications to Reciprocants," by Mr. C. Leudesdorf; "Reciprocants," II., by Mr. L. J. Rogers; "The Theory of Screws in Elliptic Space," III., by Mr. A. Buchheim; and "The Motion of a Liquid Ellipsoid under the Influence of its own Attraction," by Mr. A. E. Basset.
 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
 8.30 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: "The Industries of New Zealand," by Mr. F. W. Pennefather.
 FRIDAY, June 11, 3 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: Conference of the Colonial Institute, "Emigration to the Colonies," by Mr. F. Young.
 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Hamlet's Age," by Sir Edward Sullivan.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Meteorite Problems," by Prof. Dewar.
 SATURDAY, June 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light, with special reference to Effects resulting from its Action on various Substances," III., by Prof. G. G. Stokes.
 3 p.m. Physical: "Electric-Light Fire-damp Indicators," by Messrs. Walter Emmott and W. Ackroyd.
 8.40 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

TWO BOOKS ON CLASSICAL INSCRIPTIONS.

Cours élémentaire d'Épigraphie Latine. Par M. R. Cagnat. (Paris: Thorin.)

Traité d'Épigraphie Grecque. Par Salomon Reinach. (Paris: Leroux.)

THE last fifty years have seen the birth of a new department of classical research. Vast stores of Greek and Latin inscriptions have been made accessible to students, mainly by the zeal of German scholars and the munificence of the Berlin Academy. The four great folios of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum* contain about 10,000 inscriptions. The new edition now projected will probably comprise twice as many; and the number is being constantly augmented, owing to increased facilities for Eastern travel, the establishment of schools of archaeology at Athens, and systematic excavations on the chief historic sites in Greece and Asia Minor. The mass of material to be dealt with by the student of Latin epigraphy is even more enormous. Between 60,000 and 70,000 Latin inscriptions are known; and the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, commenced in 1862, already extends to fourteen volumes, without reckoning the supplements. These great standard collections supply rich stores of materials for elucidating the public and private life of the Greeks and Romans, more especially in relation to their laws, administration, economics, and religion; while, for the study of Greek dialects, inscriptions are simply invaluable.

The works at the head of this article are handbooks intended to supply the preliminary knowledge required by students desiring to enter on the study of the *Corpora*. Though of unequal merit, both of them are good and useful treatises. M. Reinach's work, which deals with Greek inscriptions, is the more ambitious and comprehensive of the two, though inferior in design and execution to the modest companion volume on Latin inscriptions by M. Cagnat, which is a model of lucid and felicitous exposition. This may be partly due to the fact that Latin epigraphy lends itself more readily than Greek to scientific treatment. With the exception of the *graffiti*, which are naturally lawless in their style, Latin inscriptions are more formal and official, and are governed to a greater extent by fixed rules of composition than those of Greece, which exhibit greater individuality and variety. The style of a Latin inscription is not that of any of the classical authors. It is a thing *sui generis*, with a language of its own. Certain recognised signs and abbreviations are copiously employed, names and titles are presented in a fixed and invariable order, so that certainty of interpretation depends on a knowledge of rules derived from the comparative study of hundreds of inscriptions. Hence even a good scholar, who had confined his attention to Latin literature, might easily be baffled by an inscription which a mere tyro, familiar with the usual epigraphic formulae, and the abbreviated notation by which these formulae are expressed, would be able to decipher with certainty and ease.

M. Cagnat begins his treatise with an account of Roman names and the conventional signs by which they are indicated. He then

deals with the abbreviated modes of expressing paternity, tribe, country, domicile, illegitimacy, adoption, and naturalisation, as well as the designations of freemen, freedmen, slaves, and children. He then enumerates the various grades of official life and the orderly succession of dignities and functions, military, civil, and sacerdotal, and tells us how they are customarily arranged and described, both before and after the important changes introduced in the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine. He appends the designations of the emperors down to Theodosius, and those of members of their families, and lists of all who were entitled to be called *Divus* or *Diva*, adding a useful table of the precise dates at which the various honorific designations were assumed. The common formulae are illustrated by examples, well chosen and well expounded.

The second portion of the book deals with miscellaneous matters, such as dedications to the gods, inscriptions on buildings and statues, mortuary formulae, edicts, inscriptions relating to the construction and repair of bridges, roads, and aqueducts, concluding with a brief notice of theatrical and other tesserae, of *sortes* and execrations. A final chapter discusses the restoration of mutilated inscriptions and the detection of forgeries. To an intending forger M. Cagnat's book would be invaluable, as it would not only facilitate his work, but might even make detection a matter of some difficulty.

M. Cagnat has wisely refrained from increasing the bulk of his book by discussing Latin palaeography, which presents no such difficult problems as those which continually beset the student of Greek inscriptions, the Latin alphabet having remained practically constant during the historic period, whereas the Greek alphabet, during several important centuries, was in a state of continuous development.

M. Reinach's book is a larger and more laborious work than that of M. Cagnat, and deals with a more difficult branch of epigraphic science. He is well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and has brought together in a single volume an enormous mass of useful material. On the other hand, the book gives the impression of being the work of a conscientious and industrious compiler, rather than of a great and original scholar. There is an occasional lack of sound judgment; and opinions and materials are not always thoroughly assimilated and digested. However, we have to thank him for a very serviceable treatise, which fills fairly well, and for the first time, a distinct gap in classical literature. About a third of the book consists of a translation of Mr. Newton's articles on Greek inscriptions which appeared in the *Contemporary* and the *Fortnightly* about ten years ago, and have since been reprinted in his volume of collected essays. Excellent as they are, they are so well known to all whom they are likely to concern that M. Reinach cannot be said to have been well advised in so seriously increasing the bulk of a book already inconveniently large. The translation is fairly executed, here and there a phrase may be found more happy than the original, a few notes, chiefly bibliographical, have been added, and some facsimiles of familiar inscriptions, apparently *cliques* from Rühl's in-

valuable *Inscriptiones graecae antiquissimae*, have been inserted.

Mr. Newton's two articles are followed by six essays by M. Reinach himself. These are of unequal value. The discussion of the formulae most commonly met with in inscriptions, the account of the various Greek calendars (taken mainly from Mommsen), the essays on Greek names, on the Greek transcriptions of Roman names, and on the Greek equivalents of Roman titles and political terms are fairly satisfactory, while the examples of early ligatures and the dissertation on the errors of lapidaries are interesting. On the other hand, the essay on the grammar of inscriptions is weak, and that on the history of the Greek alphabet is a mere compilation, not without serious shortcomings. Lenormant is often blindly followed, even where his theories have been shown to be erroneous. In the table intended to show the affiliation of the Egyptian and Phoenician letters, the oldest Phoenician forms, notably those of *sayin* and *samekh*, which are all-important for the history of the Greek alphabet, are replaced by later types, from which the Greek letters could not possibly have been derived. On p. 181 *san* is wrongly derived from *shin*, whereas on p. 192 it is correctly referred to *tsade*. The change in the direction of Greek writing is attributed to religious causes, whereas the boustrophedon inscriptions plainly indicate that the change was very gradually introduced, and was a mere question of graphic convenience.

The most serious fault in this discussion of the history of the Greek alphabet is that M. Reinach has not firmly grasped the cardinal principle of evolution, which, however, he fully admits in theory. He halts between the opinions of Lenormant, the theories of M. Clermont-Ganneau, and the principles laid down in my own book on *The Alphabet*. The letters added by the Greeks to the Phoenician alphabet were not arbitrary inventions or conventional signs, but were gradually developed by differentiation from the symbols of related sounds. It is impossible to believe that *psi* was a symbol suggested by *upsilon*, or that *chi* was evolved from *tau*, the Eastern form of this letter having been manifestly developed from *koppa*, and the Western from *koppa*. To suppose that *phi* was merely the disused *koppa* with a new value arbitrarily assigned to it is absurd, even apart from the epigraphic evidence which shows that it was differentiated from *theta*. The same want of a broad grasp of principles, the same oscillation between rival authorities, is shown when the classification of Greek alphabets is discussed. The introduction of *omega* or the disuse of *koppa* and *vau* are no safe criteria, the presence or the absence of these letters being a mere question of chronology; the determinant principle of classification depending on the use of the Eastern or the Western signs for *chi*, *xi*, or *lambda*, and on the employment of *san* or *sigma* to denote the sibilant. These geographical usages are structural and fundamental, going back to the remotest ages. By these alone can the various Greek alphabets be scientifically classed, and not by the mere disuse or introduction of certain letters, a principle, if it can be called a principle, according to which the lapse of a few years would remove a Greek alphabet—

that of Miletus, for example—from one class to another. It is not the stage of development that has been reached at any particular time, but the direction which that development has pursued, which must decide questions of classification. To take an illustration from another science, it would be irrational to class the butterfly among insects, and place the caterpillar, from which it has sprung, among the worms.

That part of M. Reinach's book to which the most unreserved praise can be given is the introduction, which contains an excellent practical account of the methods of securing copies of inscriptions by mechanical means, whether by photography, squeezes, rubbings, or the camera lucida. The needful outfit of the inscription hunter is described, the importance of suitable paper is insisted on, and we are even told where it can be procured. A translation of these directions, which are evidently the result of considerable experience, would form a valuable addition to any handbook of Eastern travel. A copy recently sent me of a new and important inscription proved to be practically useless because the traveller who came across it did not know how to take a squeeze. ISAAC TAYLOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BENGEL'S CANON OF THE "ARDUA SCRIPTIO."

Trinity College, Dublin: May 26, 1886.

Will you allow me space to correct a very prevalent and, I think, mischievous perversion of Bengel's "canon unicus" of criticism, "Proclivi scriptio praestat ardua." It seems to be always interpreted to mean: "The more difficult reading is to preferred." Such a rule is only true under strict limitations, and hence we often find critics protesting against extreme applications of it; yet they hesitate to reject a maxim which comes with such weight of authority. But "proclivi scriptio" does not mean, and was not intended to mean, what is easy for the reader to understand, but what came more readily to the hand of the scribe. So understood, the canon is, as Bengel claims, true without any exception:

"neque enim ulla aberratio tum cum admitteretur non fuit proclivior quam vera lectio, quamvis causae proclivitatis interdum ignotae sunt aut ancipites. . . . Proclive est ut librarius vel casu vel consilio vel casu et consilio non mutanda mutet; proclive etiam ut codices novi prae antiquis et codices Graeci vel Latini prae Graecis et Latinis et codices pauci prae multis et codices inter se propinqui prae codicibus variorum climatum, idiomatum et saeculorum titubent. Expuncto autem quod proclive erat remanet quod ei unum opponitur arduum" (*Introductio in Crisin*, N. T., § 34).

It is obvious that this canon includes every case where the more difficult reading is legitimately preferred, viz., where it is such as to have been more likely to be purposely avoided than accidentally admitted.

It may be thought, perhaps, that it is of little consequence to settle the sense in which Bengel originally propounded his canon; but the influence of a maxim supposed to have been endorsed by generations of critics is very great, and, moreover, the canon, when rightly understood, is so pregnant, that for its own sake it is worth while to restore the sense of it.

T. K. ABBOTT.

LATIN PROSODY.

Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.: May 1, 1886.

The subject of Latin pronunciation has brought up again the consideration of what

has been called "the obscure and difficult question of the length of vowels in syllables long by position." The treatment of the question seems to have suffered more from a confused nomenclature, and a clumsy way of putting things, than from any inherent difficulty. An improvement in these respects is evidently needed, for even teachers of Latin often have confused or erroneous notions about what are called vowels long or short "by nature" or "by position."

But, in truth, the quantity of the vowels themselves is not at all changed by position, unless the poet takes the liberty of imposing a false pronunciation upon words to suit his own purpose. The true measure of time in prosody is not the vowel or syllable alone, but the vowel, together with the letters coming between it and the next vowel in the verse. These letters help to make up the time or quantity of what would better be termed the *interval* from one vowel to the next; if there be no such letters, then the quantity depends entirely on the vowel. A long vowel and a consonant always makes a long or full interval; also, any vowel and two mutes, one of which is in the same word. In the last case, if the vowel is short of itself, the consonants do not affect its own quantity, but simply add quantity to the *interval*, because of the time they take up in pronunciation before the next vowel is reached. A long vowel by itself forms an interval of medium quantity, which in some instances is treated as long, in others as short.

A short vowel, with a mute and liquid, also forms a medium interval. In such cases the vowel is not properly "doubtful"; it is always short; but the *interval* is "common" or of medium quantity, and may take the place of a long or a short one. A long vowel in such a position would make the *interval* always long. All this may be represented by the following scheme:

A short vowel, o = 2	A consonant, p = 1
A long vowel, o = 4	A mute and a liquid, cr = 2
	Two mutes, ct = 3

Then we have these intervals:

Short, o + p = 3	o = 4
Medium, o + cr = 4	o + p = 5, &c.
Long, o + ct = 5	

A medium interval is represented by 4, a short one by 3 (or 2), and a long one by 5 (or more). A vowel short by nature should not receive the mark of long quantity on account of its position, nor *vice versa*. This is to credit to the vowel what belongs to the whole interval. By this simple scheme the quantity of intervals can readily be indicated, thus:

5 3 3 5 3 3 5 5 5 5 5 3
Arm|a vir|um|que|an|s Tr|o|a q|ui prim|us|
3 5 5
ab|o|ris.

In order to make the quantity of vowels evident to the ear, as it was to the Romans themselves, their proper quantity in each word should be maintained in the pronunciation in whatever position. Thus, in *rēx rēgis*, the long vowel should be pronounced the same in the nominative as in the genitive. On the other hand, let the short sound of the vowel in *nix nivis* be heard in the genitive as well as in the nominative (*nivis*), and so throughout. Let every word be learned thus by its proper pronunciation, and many difficulties of Latin prosody will vanish, and the rhythm will be at once appreciated by the ear. The common methods of pronunciation set prosody at defiance, make our eyes and ears contradict each other, and create manifold obscurities.

EDWARD P. GRAY,

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. A. H. KEANE has reprinted from the first volume of *New Physical Geography* (Virtue) a paper entitled "Progress of Recent Geographical Exploration," in which he summarises the more important results of scientific travel in hitherto unknown lands during the past five years. Out of thirty-two pages, no less than thirteen are taken up with Africa, where the most brilliant discoveries have been made, and where also most yet remains to be achieved. At the end Prof. Keane gives a list of those portions of the earth's surface which are still comparatively blank to geography. We are not aware of any other survey of the subject so comprehensive and so careful.

The committee appointed by the British Association to inquire into the rate of erosion of the sea-coasts of England and Wales has issued its report in advance of the Aberdeen volume. The report is edited by Mr. Topley, who has acted as one of the secretaries of the committee. Mr. J. B. Redman and Col. E. C. Sim give much valuable information respecting the south-east coast in general, while a number of other contributors deal with special sections of this coast line. A serviceable bibliography by Mr. Whitaker is appended to the report.

We have just received Nos. 15 to 23 of the *Bulletin* of the United States Geological Survey, published under the direction of Major Powell. These numbers contain a mass of valuable matter connected with stratigraphy, petrology, and palaeontology, illustrated by some excellent woodcuts. Although it is impossible in these notes to refer to the technical details which appear in the *Bulletin*, we feel justified in saying that the value of the publication is fully recognised by English geologists. It is, therefore, with much concern that they have heard of an agitation to stop the publication not only of the *Bulletin*, but also of the splendid monographs of the Survey, thus limiting the publications to the annual reports, and even excluding from them all palaeontological and theoretical matter. It is sincerely to be hoped, in the interest of American science, that so injudicious a step will not be taken.

THE *Code of Nomenclature and Check-List of North American Birds* adopted by the American Ornithologists' Union, has been published in a handsome volume by the University Press at Cambridge, U.S. It contains the latest and most enlightened exposition of the trinomial nomenclature. There are three parts: (1) an introduction; (2) a formal laying down of principles, canons, and recommendations; and (3) the check-list in three sections, of which the second is called "Hypothetical," since the birds enumerated are doubtfully North American, and the third is of fossil birds. In the check-list the classification and habitat of each bird are indicated; and, in order to diminish as much as possible the inconvenience which every change of nomenclature causes, a reference in each case is given to the corresponding entry in the four earlier standard check-lists of Baird, Coues, and Ridgway.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. KUNO MEYER's paper at the Philological Society on June 18 will be on the most important syntactical phenomena in the Old High German prose translations of Tatian, the so-called Vienna Gospel of St. Matthew and Isidore, together with a list of synonyms.

MESSRS. GINN & Co., of Boston, U.S., announce the following new volumes in their "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry": *Cynewulf's Phoenix*, edited by Prof. W. S. Currell, of Hampden-Sydney College, Virginia; *Malden Fight*, edited by Prof. T. R. Price, of Columbia

College, New York; and *The Riddles of Cynewulf*, by Dr. B. W. Wells, of the Friends' School at Providence, Rhode Island.

IN 1833 Prof. A. Weber published a catalogue of Sanskrit MSS. at Berlin, which has since furnished a model for all similar undertakings. After a lapse of thirty-three years, the same distinguished scholar has issued a second part, containing the additions made to the library in Brahmanical literature. The Jain MSS., in which the collection is specially rich, are left for a third volume. The original catalogue described 1,404 MSS. in 382 pages. The present volume describes 370 MSS. in almost the same number of pages. Of the total, 108 MSS. are of Vedic literature; 100 of Sanskrit and Prakrit poetry; while the remainder are technical—grammar, philosophy, mathematics, law, &c. In noticing the work in the *Revue critique*, M. Barth points out that in clearness of typography it is inferior to Prof. Aufrecht's catalogue of the Bodleian MSS.; while he also takes the opportunity to complain that the Sanskrit treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale still remain practically unknown. "En ce moment, on sait mieux ce qui se cache dans telle ville de 2^e ou 3^e ordre de l'Inde, que ce qui est déposé rue de Richelieu."

M. CH. EMILE RUELLÉ has finished the publication (Paris: Firmin Didot) of his *Bibliographie générale des Gaules*, which undertakes to give an account of every published work, from the invention of printing down to the year 1870, dealing with the Gauls and neighbouring peoples in their relations with the Roman empire.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 20.)

The President in the Chair.—The Rev. G. F. Browne read a paper on four sculptural stone pillars, perhaps originally crosses, at Checkley and Ilam, Staffordshire, which have carved on them many figures of men, whose bodies are composed of interlaced bonds like basket-work. One of the Checkley stones is called the Battle Stone, and there is a legend of a battle, in which one army was unarmed and three bishops were killed; and the human figures with stones are usually arranged in threes. There is a similar pillar at Sandbach, in Cheshire. Mr. Browne suggested that the two pillars at Ilam might have originally been part of Bartram's Shrine in the churchyard there. Mr. St. John Hope exhibited a silver mace belonging to the borough of Lyme Regis. It is of small size, and the handle is formed of radiating flanges like the head of some battle-maces. The head bears the royal arms of the Stuarts, but this is a later addition. Mr. Beck exhibited an imperfect set of wooden fruit trenchers, with verses on them. The Vicar of All Hallows, Exeter, exhibited a mazer, with silver bond and centre, which had been presented to the church, and a conical Communion cup and cover of silver, of about the year 1570.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Anniversary Meeting, Friday, May 21.)

PROF. SKERAT, President, in the Chair.—The thanks of the meeting were voted to University College for the gratuitous use of its rooms. The President read his biennial address. He sketched the careers of the late Henry Bradshaw, Prof. Cassal, Walter Browne, Archbishop Trench, and Dr. F. Stock, and then summarised the Society's work during his term of office, congratulating himself on Dr. Stokes's Irish Papers, on the transfer of the staff of the Society's Dictionary to Oxford, the appointment of Mr. Henry Bradley as assistant-editor, and the repayment of Dr. Murray's money-advances. He then read his remarks on "Ghost-words," words having no real existence, but due to the blunders of scribes, editors, glossarists, printers, &c. These comprised abacot (bycocket), kimes (knives), moree (nurse), nalle (fall), ulen, perf. ulode (vlood, flood), cronde (crowd), onen

(oven, above), reuk (renk, a man), roned (rowed, dawned), conise (course, commence), loisre (loire, frequently), dimnen (divinen, divine), gramity (graunty, to grant), puniten (permuten), forbuser (forbusse, example), culde (tulde, dwelt), such (sith, since), poled (tholed, suffered), moyt (more that), &c., and wound up with Hartshorne's "owery" (dwerth, dwarf), and "chek you a tyde" (checkmated). The changes of *ek* into *ik*, and the turning of *i* into *u*, were also illustrated. Prof. Terrien de la Couperie's Report on the Languages of the Tribes of China before the Chinese occupation, was summarised. The Reports of Mr. Morfill on Slavonic, and of Mr. Boxwell on Sontali, being printed, were taken as read. Prof. Thurneysen's Report on Keltic, 1880-6, was received too late. The thanks of the meeting were voted (1) to the President for his address, and his many services to the Society and to English philology; (2) to the scholars who had contributed reports. These were acknowledged by Prof. Skeat; and the Society's new Council for 1886-7 was then elected: President—Prof. Sayce; Vice-Presidents—Dr. Whitley Stokes, A. J. Ellis, Rev. Dr. R. Morris, H. Sweet, Dr. A. H. Murray, Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, Prof. Skeat; Members of Council—Rev. G. B. R. Bousfield, H. Bradley, E. L. Brandreth, Prof. Terrien de la Couperie, F. T. Elworthy, Dr. C. A. M. Fennell, H. Hicks Gibbs, Prof. Greenwood, H. Jenner, J. Lecky, Prof. Martineau, Prof. J. B. Mayor, W. R. Morfill, A. J. Patterson, Prof. Postgate, Prof. Rieu, Dean Scott, Dr. E. B. Tylor, H. Wedgwood, Dr. R. F. Weymouth; Treasurer—B. Dawson; Hon. Sec.—Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

EDUCATION SOCIETY.—(Annual Meeting, Saturday, May 22.)

J. G. FITCH, Esq., in the Chair.—The Rev. R. H. Quick delivered his address as president of the society. The subject chosen was, "The Training of the Teacher," these words being used in a wide sense, including all means by which teachers may increase their professional knowledge and skill. In the teacher's work there is commonly a great gap between the idea and the reality. Schoolmasters are careless about this; and when a low level of professional attainments is arrived at, they go on unchanged for twenty or thirty years. This does not satisfy the theorist as represented by the Education Society. The society wished to call attention to this gap, and to propose measures for decreasing it. Mr. Quick dwelt at some length on the fact that English schoolmasters are indifferent to professional improvement. Dividing them into three classes—the elementary teachers and the teachers in our cheaper and dearer secondary schools—he contended that the elementary masters alone make a study of education as a science and an art. There is, he said, a marked contrast in this respect between men and women. Women such as Mrs. Grey, Miss Shirreff, Miss Davies, Miss Buss, and the late Miss Doreck had been prominent in all efforts to improve teachers; and women showed themselves far more ready than men to avail themselves of the means of improvement offered them. Mr. Quick classed the requirements of teachers under two heads—professional knowledge and professional skill. He maintained that no one can teach without some knowledge how to set to work, and that the knowledge possessed is insufficient to make a good teacher. He proposed giving all teachers two kinds of knowledge—(1) theoretical, relating to the object or scope of education, and (2) practical, showing the means to be employed. This knowledge may be given in books, lectures, and in visits to schools. With reference to skill, he maintained that in learning an art it is not all practice that makes perfect; but only rightly directed practice. He, therefore, insisted that the beginner ought always to have his work inspected and directed. In conclusion, he made some practical suggestions. A lending library might be formed of books intended specially for teachers. The Universities might send out lecturers on education. In our large towns a professor of education might take charge of the young teachers, visit them in their classrooms and direct their teaching. After the manner of the Americans, our teachers might give a part of their holidays to studying methods of teaching in associations known in the United States as

"Teachers' Institutes." Finally, Mr. Quick pointed out the importance of seeing schools, and urged teachers to visit as many as possible, and take care to profit practically by what they saw.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, May 25.)

F. GALTON, Esq., President, in the Chair.—Mr. R. S. Poole read a paper on "The Ancient Egyptian Classification of the Races of Man." This was defined by the famous subject of the Four Races in the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes (B.C. 1400-1200). The types were (1) Egyptian, red; (2) Semite, yellow; (3) Libyan, white; (4) Negro, black. By comparison with monuments of the same period and of a somewhat earlier date, the first race, clearly an intermediate type, was seen to comprehend the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, and the people of Arabia Felix, with the opposite coast. The Libyan race included an aquiline type, with marked supraorbital ridges and receding foreheads, as well as a straight-nosed type. These two types inhabited the south coast of the Mediterranean, and some of the islands. The Negro race included the Negro and Nubian types. The Hittites and Hyksos, or Shepherds, were, as yet, unclassified. Prof. Flower pointed out the resemblance of the aquiline Libyan type to that of the Neanderthal crania and the oldest European type, and saw in the Hyksos head distinctly Mongolian characters. These two points are of the highest consequence in historical anthropology.—Mr. C. W. Rosset exhibited a large collection of photographs and other objects of ethnological interest from the Maldives Islands and Ceylon.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Inaugural Meeting, Friday, May 28.)

PROF. MAX MÜLLER, President, in the Chair.—The Westminster Town Hall was completely filled, and there were present on the platform Profs. Blackie and Seeley and Miss Anna Swanwick (Vice-Presidents), Prof. Althaus, Mr. Oscar Browning, Prof. Buchheim, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Schütz Wilson, and other members of Council. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the Wanderers' Nachtlied, "Der du von dem Himmel bist," by a chorus composed of members of the Camberwell Gesang-Verein and the Liederkrantz. Then followed the address of the President, Prof. Max Müller, which will be found in *extenso* in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Henschel then favoured the assembly with an exquisite rendering of the "Erlkönig," after which the hon. secretary read a letter from Prof. Dowden (one of the Vice-Presidents), which is printed elsewhere in the ACADEMY. Next came the chorus "Heidenröslein," a beautiful rendering of Mignon's song, "Kennst du das Land?" by Mrs. Henschel, and a characteristic speech by Prof. Blackie. Alluding to the President's address, and the sympathy referred to between Carlyle and Goethe, Prof. Blackie affirmed that the sympathy must have lessened as time went on, for Carlyle seemed to have emerged at last as the "Titan of depreciators," whereas Goethe is always emphatically "the Jove of appreciators." Another song by Mr. Henschel, "Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor?" Then a few words from the secretary, announcing that this society now consisted of Prince and Princess Christian and upwards of 150 ordinary members. The reports of the local secretaries, which would, no doubt, make the numbers somewhat higher, had not, however, been received. The secretary reminded the meeting that very few of the objects of the society could be carried out unless the society counted at least 500 members. Mr. Oscar Browning then proposed, and Dr. R. Garnett seconded, a vote of thanks to the President; and Mr. Schütz Wilson thanked Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and the other musical performers, in the name of the society, for the readiness with which they had responded to the appeal to interpret some of Goethe's unsurpassable lyrics. "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh" was then effectively sung by the chorus.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(Second Notice.)

ONE of the most decided successes of the Grosvenor—indeed, of the year—is the Hon. John Collier's portrait of Miss Nettie Huxley (198). The attitude is as graceful as it is natural, and the execution throughout finished but unlaboured. Mr. Collier has never painted flesh better, nor relieved its warm tints more charmingly than by this setting of pearly greys, varying from the creamy shades of the dress to the swansdown of the trimming. As a portrait it is convincing even to the ignorant; as a picture it commands admiration for that union of richness and sobriety, of style and simplicity, which is so often sought and so seldom found. Mr. Shannon has made a more spasmodic effort to reach the fresh and unaffected, and has not attained it without some sacrifice of the agreeable—some touch of the eccentric. His portrait of Miss Annie A. Beebe (159) is nevertheless one of the best and perhaps the most powerful piece of painting here. It is of the school of Carolus-Duran, vigorous, dashing, with life in every touch. The colour is good, also, though inclined to purple in the flesh of the beautifully curved arm. Another work of the same school is Mr. John Sargent's very dexterous "Study" (14). It is for other qualities that the painting of Mr. W. B. Richmond is to be admired. His portrait of Miss Burne-Jones (102), seated in a landscape in plain white dress and blue sash, is as sweet and refined as it can be; and there is a gentleness and distinction in his presentation of Mrs. Warren De la Rue which triumphs over the excess of decorative detail with which he has lately encumbered his portraits. Mr. Richmond's colour is always ambitious, and seldom quite successful. This year it is sometimes distinctly unpleasant in quality; but his fertility in design, his refined drawing, and his sympathy with character are as observable as usual. There is much to admire in his vigorous figure of "Hermes" putting on his "fair winged shoes" (89). Among the finer portraits here must not be forgotten Mr. Holl's "W. Nicholson, Esq." (30), and "The Rev. E. Warre, D.D." (63), both worthy examples of his well-known mastery.

The most striking landscapes in the large gallery are Mr. Alfred Parsons's "In a Cider Country" (122), and one by Mr. J. W. North (7), which has a quotation instead of a title in the catalogue. It is fairly described in Mr. Blackburn's *Notes* as "a bank of rich, red gravel, and wild growth; sheep grazing; gorse and spring blossom opposed to a bright blue sky." These are both sincere and vigorous efforts to represent distinct aspects of nature. In Mr. Parsons's orchard the heavy green slopes of grass, greener and heavier for the dullness of the day, the ashen trunks of the twisted apple trees with their mist of leafless twigs, and gray sky with rifts of pallid blue, are boldly and skilfully painted, and the sentiment of the season is well given. Nevertheless, it is not agreeable in colour, the grass is too much like green baize, and there is an oppressive sense of airlessness. Mr. North's very sunny and pleasant picture is, as usual with the artist, full of beautiful work. The gorse bushes and boughs of apple-blossom are painted with his marvellous gift for representing the intricate detail of vegetation; but more pleasure is to be obtained by studying it bit by bit than from the composition as a whole. In the same room are Mr. W. H. Bartlett's very clever but rather cold "Wrack Harvest, Connemara" (37), with admirable figures; Mr. Hamilton Macallum's pleasant, opalescent "Kiss from the Sea" (81); Mr. David Murray's dexterous but thin "Picardy Peat Cutters"

(27); some charming views of Italy, by Mr. Corbett and Mr. Eugene Benson; a good example of Mr. Keeley Halswelle's well-known art; and landscapes and views of town and river, by Messrs. McLachlan, C. E. Holloway, John O'Connor, Herbert Snell, T. C. Farrer, and others, to which nothing but a general commendation can be given here.

In the east gallery the most striking scene from nature, with the exception of Signor Costa's masterpiece described in a previous notice, is Mr. Henry Moore's "Sunset after Storm—Boat adrift" (142), a coast scene glowing with golden light reflected from cloud and wave and gleaming sand. The storm has left a wrack behind which broods over and mixes with the still vexed waves that sprawl and clash upon the distant margin. In front is a stretch of beach with a man and horses going to the rescue. The whole scene is strongly grasped and painted with a vividness which kills everything near it. Mr. Hennessey's delicately toned "Shrimpers" above (143), is almost obliterated by it and the garish works which hang on either side. It is worth while to screen these off as well as you can in order to enjoy the tender opalescence, the beautifully graduated lights, and sweet but subdued colour of Mr. Hennessey's coast scene, full of moist air and low light and living figures. There are few works here more genuine and skilful than this, few more likely to be passed by. While, however, it is to be regretted that some cooler corner could not have been found for this picture and the other example of the same artist (177), it must be admitted that Mr. Hennessey paints so much below what may be called "exhibition pitch" that his works are not easily hung to advantage in a public gallery. It is more difficult to excuse the hanging of Mr. Maurice Pollock's "Mount St. Michael—Morning," a work which seems to aim not unsuccessfully at a very delicate effect of light and colour. In its present exalted position above "Miss Nellie Huxley" it is practically invisible. Miss Huxley herself has some reason to complain, but not so much: for her clever "Toucans" (137), and cleverer "Puss in the Corner" (138), are not above the level at which their merits can be appreciated.

To return to the landscapes, Mr. E. H. Fahey has quite succeeded in rendering a striking effect of sky and water in his picture of "Filby Broad, Norfolk," with its surface partly frosted by the light wind, partly burnished and filled with pale yellow reflections of the sky; and Mr. Edgar Barclay shows us the poetry of morn and of eve in two pictures, glowing with sweet colour—(196) "At Break of Day" and (201) "Cutting Rushes." More charming still, perhaps, is his "Swans" (294). Mr. Ernest Parton's "Lingering Light" (141), with its fine sky and rich colour, would be quite enjoyable but for the somewhat formal and uninteresting left-hand foreground of rushes.

Of scenes from peasant life none is truer than Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Oxen Threshing—Tuscany," with its beautiful white cattle, seen in sunlight between the olives and the straw. Mr. John R. Reid maintains his reputation as a colourist and powerful renderer of atmospheric effects in his "Calm Evening" (154), with its luminous sky, its cornfield gleaming in the shade of the hill, and the figures wandering indistinct upon the still shining quay. Drier and clearer is the twilight of Sparta if we may trust the memory of Mr. W. B. Richmond, whose "Pastoral" (168) shows us shepherds and shepherdesses passing with their sheep homeward in the warm gloaming, like a dream.

Of the figure paintings, the most powerful yet unnoticed is Mr. Waterhouse's "Flower Market" (104), in which we see the witch of

his picture at the Academy engaged in the far more innocent employment of smelling violets at a flower-stall. The subject of the picture scarcely, perhaps, justifies its size; but it is a brilliant piece of work. Mr. G. D. Leslie has seldom painted anything more pretty or masterly than his group of girls making festoons of crimson roses under the diaphanous roof of a tent, with a shining background of lawn and garden (56); nor has Mr. Poynter often drawn nude figures more skilfully than those of the happy children in "Outward Bound" (52), watching their little toy-boat among the rocks. Mr. Boughton has been very happy in the selection of a subject from the career of William the Testy, Governor of New Amsterdam. The flat rebellion of the citizens against his edict prohibiting smoking in the province is represented with great character and humour. They have set themselves down before the governor's house, and are smoking with that "determined perseverance" of which Washington Irving writes, "as though it were their intention to smoke him into terms." Of Mr. Calderon's elegant figure of "Oenone" (74) and Mr. Napier Hemy's vigorous scenes of the sea and its toilers, of Mr. G. Clausen's "Holiday-time" (182), of Mr. Menpes's charming little "bits," and many other pictures by artists who have done what was to be expected of them and no more, nothing can be said here. But this notice must not be closed without a word of praise for Mr. E. Matthew Hale's picture of "Greek Dancers" (28), with the well-poised figures full of grace and rhythmic movement; for Mr. Browning's finely modelled figure of "Joan of Arc" (179); for Mr. J. P. Beadle's very clever "Her Majesty's Life-Guards" (64); for Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's careful essay in light, and tone, and human pathos (13); and for Mr. Britten's spirited and sapphire-like study called "The Signal" (51). COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

IN some respects this is a better exhibition than it has been for a long time. Several of the elder or more established members contribute drawings which represent their talent to the full. Two or three of the younger associates send works which tend to show that the society's life is not wholly in the past or the present—that some future may lie before it. But in order that the Royal Society may have any future of prosperity it is necessary that its elections should be—what perhaps the opportunities before it do not always allow them to be—elections from among only quite the best of the rising men. Many of the rising men the Institute will inevitably absorb, for the Institute is exceedingly enterprising and already exceedingly popular, and no one who wishes well to water-colour art can withhold approval of the encouraging liberality of its enactments and of the rank which it aspires to take as representing a truly national branch of painting. Still, for the Old Society, with which so many honoured names are connected, and which contains to-day so many sterling artists, there may remain a future of credit, if the modern spirit enters into its councils, and if it signifies, by its acts, its disposition to do generously by the younger men who, in a few years time, must be its principal support. The Institute, of necessity, suffers something as well as gains something by the change which has filled its now ample walls with the works of many a score of newcomers. Such an exhibition cannot maintain, throughout its length and breadth, quite the high level which may still be at the command of a close society, if that close society will but be wise in its closeness. The Institute may be the Royal Academy, the Society may be the

Grosvenor of Water Colour Art. To be so, should now at all events be its aim; but that aim it will not accomplish unless it shall succeed in persuading a large share of the best endowed younger artists to join its ranks, and unless, to all others—to the mere follower of the elder traditions, to the mere mediocrity who never shocks and never surprises and never charms—it closes its ranks firmly.

One of the pleasant, more hopeful features of the present show is its inclusion of a greater number than usual of fine figure pieces. Landscape has been the speciality of the Old Water-Colour Society—it has been for three or four generations the speciality of water-colour art; and even this season it is not that the number of fine figure pieces in the exhibition of the Society is actually large. Perhaps what is really memorable about it is that it contains one or two works of quite the highest excellence. Mr. Carl Haag's wonderful "Shipwreck in the Desert" is scarcely in the strict sense a figure piece, for significant as is the action of the figure the dominating impression is produced by the brilliance of the scene—by the extent to which the artist of the East and of the Desert has filled the drawing with the sharp dry atmosphere, and by the record of the scores of miles of unpeopled plain and of the tragic story these suggest as to the lonely wayfarer now lifting his hands to God, as his beast fails him. No: the two figure pieces I specially meant are those by Mr. Albert Moore and Mr. Henshall; both "Associates," but both of them artists from whom whatever honours may accrue from full membership can scarcely any longer be withheld. How different are the two! How little of obvious fellowship the one has with the other; yet how complete and admirable in its own way is the art of each! Mr. Henshall treats with the utmost boldness and readiness, with an unflinching adherence to common fact, and yet with the fine artistry which gives value to the common fact, just the domestic subject which sentimentality has so often been enamoured of and has so often spoiled. "The Sisters" points the contrast between two children—for the elder is still almost a child—of lower or lower middle-class life; the one in the flush and energy of health, ruddy of cheek, sleek of hair, strong and flexible of wrist; the other hopelessly pallid, with eyes now wandering in the unrest of weakness, now fixed feebly on some object they are not really much observing, and propped up with pillows, and placed near the window where the weak flame of vitality shall have at least its chance of flickering the longest. And this is strongly, largely done, a manly method conveying a not unmanly conception; but the conception is of the things of every day, and the artist's power of selection is exercised voluntarily within narrow limits. For Mr. Albert Moore, the chosen hour, the chosen form, the chosen light, the chosen accessory. "Myrtle" is what he calls his drawing. The composition is akin to that of the picture which gleams upon us in the fourth room of the Royal Academy; the pose of the single model is almost the same; but the part of the drapery vouchsafed at the Royal Academy is withheld in Pall Mall, and the whole scheme of colour is different in the two places. It has now become one of the common-places of criticism to lament Mr. Moore's paucity of visible theme. It would seem to me better, however, if greater recognition were accorded to the skill with which he subtly varies his decorative schemes, to the disposition of his figures, to the choice and gradation of his hues. "Myrtle"—notwithstanding anything it may contain to annoy us—is the finest work that has been wrought in water-colour by a unique artist. For myself therefore, I thankfully accept its grace and subtlety, the exquisiteness of its modelling of the torso—in water-colour

an unusual feat—and the delicate modulation of its tints and hues. Of Mr. Radford's drawings, with their heavier arrangements of colour, with their grosser but still not always unpopular sensuousness, and withal, with a certain dignity of line, their figures firm of tread and not unsteadily of bearing—of these drawings "Pomegranates" will seem to the spectator, perhaps, more welcome than "The Kiss." Mr. E. K. Johnson's best figure-piece is "Tiresome Dog"; a capable child of twelve or thirteen bearing the brute in her arms. The motive of this may seem trivial. It is set beside Mr. Wallis's finest drawing—a scene from "Twelfth Night," abundant in character and glowing of hue. In "Drink to me only with thine eyes," Miss Phillott, an increasingly skilled artist in luxurious or romantic theme, paints with effectiveness the fine vessel, the fine raiment, and the persuasive face.

In landscape—in landscape proper, that is to say, in which the figure counts for little or for nothing, may be absent altogether, or may be introduced as point of light or spot of darkness, not for its own sake at all—Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. Matthew Hale, who in younger days may have been influenced to some extent by Mr. Alfred Hunt, make a most fascinating show. Their drawings, like the drawings of Mr. Albert Goodwin, of which only one or two are in Pall Mall (a crowd of them being in Bond Street), are always poetical—take always the poet's vision of landscape, never the topographer's, and so continue to interest when admiration of minute and painful realisation of fact has long died out. Mr. Hunt's delightful and Turneresque contribution, "On the North-East Coast," has for its motto the lines:

"The moving waters at their priest-like task,
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."
And the lines are chosen with good literary tact; but it is not so much the "moving waters" as the moving atmosphere—the veils of vapour that glide or lift themselves along the hills and hollows of the coast—that make the interest of the drawing. The "Night Wrack," of Mr. Hale, is the delicate portrayal of a scene that was impressive. The place is a flat shore, extended widely under a closed sky, grey and threatening. Mr. Henry Moore's "Poole Harbour" is one of the most engaging, though, it may be, not one of the most powerful, contributions of a marine and landscape painter who is gaining in range as he is justly gaining in popularity. Mr. Boyce's drawing of the open road at Vezelay, with its air of peace, its quaint houses, its quiet wayside waters, is a dainty and acceptable landscape—not so much a composition, we surmise, as a delicate study of the facts before the ever-faithful painter. Mr. Thorne Waite's large drawing is somewhat harsh in the foreground, but with a suggestive and beautiful distance. He stays still in his work among the uplands of Sussex. He is as devoted to them as Mr. Hine. And he paints them, when he is at his best, as one who has enjoyed and, in some measure profited by, the noble sketches of Dewint.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

ART SALES.

It turned out, on inspection of the Addington prints, that they were very unequal in quality. The greatest number of really magnificent impressions were among the mezzotint portraits after Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough, and Romney, which are being sold at this moment. The Marc Antonios, Dürers, and Lucas van Leydens were uncertain, the Rembrandts by no means uniformly good. The Hollars, on the other hand, were both good in condition and rare as to state; but much of the

more strictly artistic portion of his work was lacking to Mr. Addington's collection. It seems that on certain days the sale was attended by very few amateurs, and on these occasions it was generally the dealers who bought what they wanted, and somehow managed to buy it cheaply. But—principally where commissions had been given—an extravagant price was occasionally obtained. Among the Rembrandts, "Our Lord before Pilate" fell to Mr. Nosed's bid of £60; that very uninteresting subject, the "Marriage of Jason and Creusa," sold for £28 (Danlos); a really fine impression of "Six's Bridge," which had sold for very much more at the Cheney sale, was somehow obtained for £15 15s. (Colnaghi); while the "Peasant carrying a Milk Pail," which Mr. Addington had given £70 for, in the Danby-Seymour sale, eight years ago, now attained but £38. Nor is it to be for one moment assumed from this fact that Rembrandt's generally are on the decline, on the contrary, there were particular circumstances which told against the prices they obtained at the dispersion of this individual collection; £16 16s. was given for what was confessedly a very indifferent impression of the "Cottage and Dutch Hay Barn"—wanting in sunniness, wanting in richness; £10 10s. for an exceedingly weak impression of the one-sided, and therefore perhaps unpleasing, composition known as "Rembrandt's Mill"; and £21 for a just tolerable impression of "The Goldweaver's Field," while a pretty little impression of "The Landscape with a Cow drinking," fell for £8. 8s. But—to come to the portraits—£20 was given for the impression of "Rembrandt leaning on a Stone Sill"; and for a distinctly fine impression of "Rembrandt drawing"—a state before the introduction of the landscape seen through the window—£34 (Nosed). A singularly rich impression of "Dr. Faustus" fell for £7 10s. (Dunthorne); a poor impression of "Clement de Jonghe" fetched £10 15s. (Danlos), and a necessarily much better impression of the second state of "Renier Ansoo," £41 (Nosed). "Ephraim Bonus"—a poorish impression—sold for £25 10s., and a late enough state of the "Goldweaver" for £6 12s. Among the examples of Lukas of Leyden, it may be worthy of note that "David playing before Saul" fetched £10; and "The Return of the Prodigal Son," £8 8s. Marc Antonio's prints are, it is confessed, worth less than they were worth ten years ago; it is therefore not at all remarkable that Mr. Addington's impression of the "Virgin and Child with St. Anne" fetched but £18 10s., his "Venus leaving the Bath," £22 (Nosed), and his "Vulcan, Venus, and Love," £17 10s. (Colnaghi). It was not in the old masters proper that the aged collector of St. Martin's Lane was really rich; it was rather in eighteenth-century mezzotints.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE need hardly draw the attention of our readers to the sale of the many very interesting remaining works of the ever-vivacious and delightful Richard Doyle, which will be sold at Christies on Monday; nor to that of all that has been left behind him by Randolph Caldecott, which will speedily follow.

MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALLADON & Co. will have on view next week, at the Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street, a collection of sixty sketches in oil and water colour by Mr. E. M. Osborn, entitled "Eleven Weeks in a Wherry," the wherry being not the old-fashioned London ferry-boat, but the common mode of conveyance in the Norfolk Broads at the present day.

The fourth Annual Meeting of the Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead will

be held on Wednesday next, June 9, at 3.30 p.m., in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House, when the president, the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, will deliver his address. Among those who have recently joined the society are the Dean of Worcester, and (as the result of the meeting at Cambridge last month) Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. J. Willis Clark, and the Rev. S. S. Lewis. The secretary of this society, which deserves more pecuniary support than it receives, is Mr. W. Vincent, Belle Vue Rise, Norwich.

THE summer examination of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework will be held in July. Persons desirous of being examined for certificates or diplomas are requested to give as early intimation as possible to the manager, 2, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, W.

THE large, and by its quality, the extraordinarily important exhibition of the etchings of Méryon, which—aided largely by the contributions of Mr. Avery and Mr. Howard Mansfield—Mr. Keppel was so energetic and so enterprising as to organise in his rooms at New York, has now been moved to Boston. There, at the Museum of Fine Arts, it has the further advantage of contributions from Mr. C. C. Perkins, the widely known historian of Italian sculpture.

THE current number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (Vol. II., No. 1) contains the first portion of an article by Mr. J. T. Clarke upon a primitive Ionic column found by him on the top of Mount Chigri. The column itself, he argues, affords fresh evidence of the development of Greek temple architecture from the wooden pillars of Assyria; while he finds the source of the volutes of the capital in the foliage of the palm. There is a second paper by Prof. Merriam on the Gortyna code; and a report by Mr. W. Miller, of the American School at Athens, upon the recent discoveries of archaic sculpture on the Acropolis.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Germain Bapst read a paper upon "The Source of Tin in Ancient Times." According to an opinion that has received the support of Burnouf, Fr. Lenormant, and (more recently) Dr. Schliemann, the ancients brought their tin from the Caucasus. M. Bapst, who has paid two visits to the Caucasus, has convinced himself by careful investigation on the spot that there never was any tin mine throughout the country. At the present day the metal is imported from England. If, then, the ancients did, indeed, get their tin from the East, the precise region has yet to be discovered. At a subsequent meeting M. d'Hervey de Saint-Denys pointed out that Chinese authors mention the use of bronze (which implies tin) 2000 B.C. The source of their supply was in the mountains of Tibet.

MR. QUARITCH has sent us a portrait, skilfully etched by Mr. H. Costello, of one who will ever occupy a niche among English men of letters of the nineteenth century—Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, and the friend of Tennyson and of Carlyle. During his lifetime he deliberately chose a limited audience and comparative seclusion; but fame has come to him since his death. Mr. Elihu Vedder, the American artist, chose his version of Omar Khayyam for the text of his marvellous series of designs; and the Grolier Club, of New York, took the same for one of their first reproductions. The poet Laureate has dedicated his last volume to his memory, with an interesting record of their early intimacy; while still more recently the publication of the "Squire Letters" in the *English Historical Review* shows the terms on which Fitzgerald lived with Carlyle. We are

not aware that any other portrait of him than this has been published.

M. PHILIPPE BURTY writes to us that he has been engaged for some years past in collecting notes for a history of Japanese lac, with special reference to its first introduction into Europe. He will be much obliged for particulars of any early mention by English writers of lacquered work—cabinets, screens, &c. In France, he has ascertained that such objects were originally described vaguely as "verniss des Indes, verniss de la Chine." M. Burty would also like to know at what date the work "lac" first appeared in English; and whether there were early imitations made in England, as there certainly were in France. M. Burty's address is 13 Boulevard des Batignolles, Paris.

THE STAGE.

MESSRS. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS and SYDNEY GRUNDY are responsible for the new piece at the St. James's Theatre in so far as adaptor may be responsible at all. Of course, they do not profess to have engaged in original work; but they write excellent English, and they have made presentable that which, as the French authors put it, would hardly have been tolerated. The French piece deals pretty boldly with the fortunes of a very undesirable woman, who committed adultery, and had a child, and abandoned that child for fear her disgrace should be discovered. In the English piece an equal mystery is eagerly maintained over a cause less worthy of provoking it. In resolving to be decent the story has become improbable. The child, at the St. James's, is born before the lady marries—not that even the art of Messrs. Grundy and Edwards can succeed in presenting that circumstance as specially creditable; still, it is held by the wealthy *bourgeois*, who are the main support of what is called the "fashionable" playhouses, to be less offensive than the other. Mrs. Kendal's acting in the new piece will be equally what it is accustomed to be at the St. James's—the principal attraction to the theatre. By common consent, it is very remarkable indeed—perhaps, even as full as ever of power and passion and intellectual resource. We should like, of course, to see her in a pleasanter part; but she makes unpleasantness all but endurable. Mr. Kendal, Mr. Hare, and Miss Webster take their share of the performance with good effect, it is held. Still, it is to see Mrs. Kendal, and for nothing in particular besides, that any student of the art of acting will go to the St. James's.

THE other night we saw "The Serious Family," at Toole's, and the piece appeared to us to fall rather flat. We thought, at first, that the explanation of that might be that for our own day Mr. Burnand's satire, when directed, as it was in the "The Colonel," against the affectation of an interest in Art, was more effective than the satire of its original, "The Serious Family," directed against the affectation of an interest in Religion. But that was not the real reason. The piece was not played with authority—we do not mean it was not played with a license; but that it was played for the most part feebly, by comedians without weight or charm. How differently impressive the piece used to be when we saw it last in the good old days of the Haymarket—the days of Buckstone, of course. Not but that Mr. Toole himself contrives to be vastly amusing. But he depends on himself too much: a completeness of detail, an excellence of *ensemble*, is too much lacking at his theatre. Still, we were contented enough with Mr. Billington as the racy, military man who puts the pietists to rout; and nothing could have been better than

the appearance of Miss Marie Linden as the very youthful, happy widow, Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine. Yet even Miss Marie Linden—never lacking intelligence or grace—was a little wanting in authority.

THE great mistake is to be made of having the French performances—with Mdlle. Jane Hading in "Denise," and we know not what beside—not in a small theatre suited to *genre*, to comedy, to domestic pathos, but in a vast place suited to a political crowd and to the voice of a great party leader, or of Mr. Plunkett. In other words, they are to be at Her Majesty's Theatre. Students of delicate acting—even if it be the delicate acting of indelicate pieces—will be very sorry for it. "Why not in Trafalgar Square?" they will perhaps be inclined to ask. Are these the conditions under which a refined and finished art can be properly appreciated? There is only one answer to the question. At Her Majesty's Theatre the artist becomes a show.

MUSIC.

RUBINSTEIN RECITAL.

THE fifth recital given by the eminent pianist last Tuesday afternoon proved to be one of the most extraordinary of the series. He played in a charming manner three of Field's delicate Nocturnes, while a sonata of Clementi's and some *Etudes* by Moscheles helped him to get his fingers in order for the more difficult work of the afternoon. Six short pieces by Henselt, including the well-known "Si oiseau j'étais"—taken at a tremendous pace—were rendered with all possible delicacy and charm, and were immensely enjoyed by the large audience. Herr Rubinstein's recitals are historical, and hence it was necessary to give illustrations from Thalberg, once the rival of Liszt. He chose the *Etude* in A minor and the Don Juan Fantasia; but, though by no means easy, they proved mere toys in the hands of one about to cope with some of Liszt's formidable pieces. It was most interesting to listen to Herr Rubinstein interpreting the music of the famous *virtuoso*. No pianist living—with the exception of Liszt himself—possesses such a magic touch, while as regards power and technique, he surely cannot come far short, if at all, of Liszt in his palmiest days. Herr Rubinstein has often been heard in Liszt's delightful transcriptions of Schubert's songs, and everyone knows how wonderfully he plays them, especially "The Erl-king." We will not notice in detail these and several other pieces, but say a word about his rendering of two of the Rhapsodies Hongroises, and the "Robert le Diable" Fantasia. There is more than one pianist who can do fair justice to the Rhapsodies, and who can perhaps conquer the technical difficulties of the Fantasia. But technical difficulties are only the letter; Herr Rubinstein added to them life and soul—at times indeed more than was needed—and his performance of the Fantasia was tremendously exciting. He took the public by storm, and, as regards wonderful pianoforte playing, achieved a success which it will be difficult for him to surpass. It is to be hoped that no one will try to imitate him; for, except in the hands of a Liszt or a Rubinstein, these operatic fantasias of Liszt are valleys of dry bones, which had far better be left alone.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

LAST Monday evening the Carl Rosa Company commenced a short season of English opera at Drury Lane. In selecting Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" for the opening night the manager

hit upon a work likely to amuse the public, certain to please all who are moved with concord of sweet sounds, and, moreover, well calculated to show off to good advantage his talented company. It would be absurd to speak of the performance as an ideal one. But, on the other hand, rather than dwell upon weak points in the singing and acting, we would notice some of the strong points, and praise the earnest efforts of all concerned to do justice to Mozart's charming opera. Mdlle. Georgina Burns as the Countess was successful in her singing and particularly in her acting, while Mdlle. Julia Gaylord as Susanna was most effective. The special honours of the evening fell, however, to Miss Marian Burton, who took the part of Cherubino. Her pure and artistic rendering of "Voi che sapete" was fully appreciated by the audience. Mr. James Sauvage as Count Almaviva was not altogether at his ease, but he possesses a pleasing, sympathetic voice, and sang well. Mr. Barrington Foote as Figaro was amusing, but his voice left something to desire. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Aynsley Cook (Bartolo) and Mr. Charles Lyall (Basilio) made the most of their small but amusing rôles. Miss Pressano was a good Marcellina. Mr. Augustus Harris, as usual, had the opera most carefully placed upon the stage, and Mr. Carl Rosa, at the conductor's desk, looked well after the music. The theatre was crowded, and the actors were recalled after each act.

"Manon" was given on the following evening, with Mdlle. Marie Roze in the title-rôle; and "Faust" on Wednesday evening, with Mdlle. Georgina Burns as Marguerite.

The special feature of the season will, of course, be Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new opera "The Troubadour," which is promised for the June 8. We have read the vocal score; but although it is evident that it contains much clever and effective music, it is impossible to form any real idea of its merits as an opera until it is heard and seen. The libretto has been written by Mr. Hueffer.

MUSIC NOTES.

SPACE will only allow of our noticing very briefly some of the more important of the many concerts of the past week. Last Saturday afternoon Señor Sarasate's series of orchestral concerts came to a brilliant and successful close. Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto was played for the second time, and at the close composer and interpreter were summoned more than once to the platform. The programme included the Mendelssohn Concerto, Beethoven's eighth Symphony, and Rubinstein's characteristic Ballet Music from "Il Demonio."

ON the same afternoon Mr. Hallé gave his third recital at Prince's Hall, assisted by Mdlle. Norman-Néruda and Signor Piatti. Brahms's early and interesting Pianoforte Trio in B minor was magnificently performed. A new pianoforte trio by the French composer, B. Godard, was introduced for the first time. It contains some pleasing and clever writing. The first two movements strike us as far superior to the last two. The interpretation was all that could be desired.

MDME. ANTOINETTE STIRLING gave a morning concert last Monday afternoon at St. James's Hall, and sang, with great and well-deserved success songs by Rubinstein and Sullivan. Of the former she gave a charming song entitled "The Mermaid," with piano, harp, and harmonium accompaniment, and with Mr. Santley a duet from the composer's opera "Feramors." Songs were also contributed by Miss Mary Davies, Miss Griswold, and Mr. Santley. M. de Pachmann played in his best manner pieces by

Chopin, Henselt, and Liszt, and Signor Piatti gave some effective solos. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was announced, was unable to appear.

MR. F. COWEN's Overture, written for the opening of the Liverpool Exhibition, was performed for the first time in London at the fifth Richter concert last Monday evening. We must take the next opportunity of noticing this work. The programme included Beethoven's "Eroica," the Concerto in E flat, played by Mr. C. Hallé, and a selection from Berlioz's "Romeo et Juliette."

THE sixth and last Philharmonic Concert took place on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. M. Franz Ondric'ek gave a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. His reading of the work approached nearer to Joachim than that of any other violinist before the public. He was warmly applauded at the close. A *suite* by Moszkowski, composed expressly for the society, was played under the composer's direction. It consists of five movements. We listened to three, but could not find anything in them to justify the epithet "new" applied to the *suite*. The music shows a certain cleverness, but is very commonplace. The programme included vocal music by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and Mozart's G minor Symphony, admirably played by the band under Sir A. Sullivan's direction.

MISS MEREDITH BROWN, whose careful and artistic singing we noticed last year, gave a concert at Grosvenor House on Wednesday afternoon to raise funds for opening Coffee Saloons in Notting Hill. The rooms were well filled. Miss Brown was assisted by many well-known artists, and also by two of her pupils. The various performances gave great satisfaction, especially those of Miss Mary Davies, Miss Fanny Davies, and M. Holman.

THE annual concert of the St. Cecilia Society will take place at Prince's Hall on June 8, at 8 p.m. The band and chorus of ladies will perform Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," and other shorter works; and they will be assisted by Mrs. Fassett, Miss Louise Phillips, Mr. Thorndike, and others. The solo instrumentalists announced are Miss Amy Hickling and Miss Mary Carmichael. Mr. Malcolm Lawson will conduct.

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